



The
BRENTONIAN



The Brigade

The
BRENTONIAN

1967-1968

HONORARY GOVERNORS

Capt. J. M. Grant, C.B.E., R.C.N. Ret'd.
A. C. Privett, M.A.
Norman R. Whittall

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(Vancouver)

STAFF

Headmaster

D. D. Mackenzie, M.A., F.R.S.A.

Assistant Headmaster

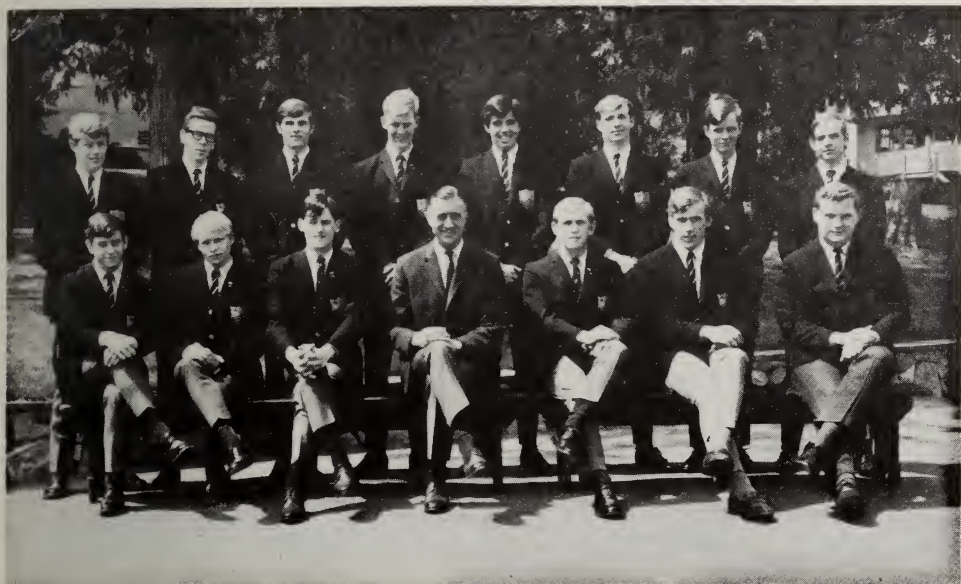
T. G. Bunch, B.A.

H. Brackenbury, B.A.	I. R. Ford, M.A.	N. R. B. Prowse, M.A.
W. J. Burrows, B.SC.	F. Martin, B.S.A.	A. Rees, DIP. PHYS. ED.
A. C. Carr, M.A.	R. G. Nash, B.SC.	C. M. Ross, B.A.
B. duTemple, B.A., B.ED.	R. Orr, M.A.	W. T. Ross, B.A.
D. J. Pope, B.A.		

SPEECH DAY

Headmaster's Report

It is now time for me to once more present to you what is irreverently described in the staff room as the annual presentation of platitudes. Well, I am glad to report that our nuts and bolts are in good shape, and so is the rest of the school too.



PREFECTS

Standing (l to r) Bill Winterton, Bruce MacKinnon, Mike Bramall, Bruce Williams, Chris Elwick, Larry Bakos, Ken Richardson, Alan Wilson.

Seated (l to r) Mike Hall, Don Hickman, Sasha Angus (Head Prefect), The Headmaster, Dean Sawyer, Glen Hughes, Joe Milner.

I should begin, I suppose, with matriculation results last year, and I am happy to report that every boy who went for matriculation got a matriculation. This is the first time we have had 100% success in these examinations, and I hope it may become the usual thing. I may say too, our forecasts were pretty accurate. As you probably know, we are required on behalf of each boy who is writing the examination to submit a mark to the Department of Education some six weeks or two months before the exams are written. The marks which we submit and that which the student achieves are then averaged, and the result is then noted in his official documents. We forecast

that fifty-nine successes would be attained when in fact sixty were. So that I suppose this small error was on the right side.

Four boys entered for scholarship examinations, and three of them achieved averages of better than 80%, thus winning first-class Government Scholarships.

You may remember last year that the school was inspected and a Report was made by Dr. Downey and his Team from the U. B. C. As a consequence of some of their recommendations we have initiated project work in addition to formal teaching in many classes. Grade 11(1), 10(1), and 9(1) for instance have all undertaken projects in English and Social Studies. This involves not mere teaching but independent investigation by the students, and the results have been commendable, and the experience I believe, enjoyable to those involved. One of the more lighthearted projects undertaken by two boys in Grade X was the re-writing of the school prospectus. The result was quite original and very amusing although the spelling was horrendous. They quoted from the prospectus that it is "The aim of this College to develop the best that is in the boy," and added "the aim of the boy to see that they don't."

The Science Club has been busy with their weekly meetings. They went down to the Science Fair in Seattle, and they also visited the Boeing plant when they were there.

The Poetry Reading Club has likewise been active, and some of our Grade XII boys have been doing some teaching in French —this of course, for their own benefit rather than for the benefit of the students under instruction.

We have had guest lecturers from outer space, that is, not exactly from outer space, but about outer space. We have had people talking about Marine Biology. We have had others talking about Conservation, and we have had others talking about Salesmanship. What we have tried to do, as the Downey Report suggested, was to bring a little bit of excitement and variation to the classroom. We have experimented in Social Studies with team teaching, and although there is a somewhat limited application for such type of instruction in this school, at least we have experimented.

Our boys, unfortunately, still have to write a Government examination because Mr. Bennett in his infinite wisdom has decided that no independent school is worthy of accreditation. The result is that, particularly at the time of year just finished, we tend to do much less education and much more training for examinations. We regret this, but we are stuck with it. Perhaps one day we can persuade the Government that we have teachers who are qualified, who are certificated, who are ex-

perienced, who are proficient, and that it is our job to see students and it is our job to teach them to think and not to just cram them full of facts. Isn't education, after all, that which remains after we have forgotten all we have been taught. Of course, it is true we don't spend all year training, and that we do this largely in the last few weeks before government examinations. But we feel that even this is rather a pity. It is time which I think could be more productively spent.

We have done well, too, in sports. Our senior rugby team has for the second year in a row won both the Independent Schools championship, has won the Island championship and has qualified to enter the final of the B. C. championship. Our Colts team ran through the season unbeaten. All teams in fact, in the school, had a distinguished record. I must say the day that pleased me most was the one that occurred early last March when we fielded ten teams against Shawnigan. Now we have 207 boys in the school, 40 of whom were involved in badminton, so that takes them out of the rugby. We field fifteen boys and a linesman on each team, and that means 160 boys were all on the field at the same time. This I suppose is probably what you could call mass participation. If you are careful with your mathematics you will probably realize that this left seven boys to be sick, to be on leave, to be having dentist appointments and to be otherwise unproductively involved.

Our track team has done equally nobly. The Seniors finished second in the Independent Schools competition, and the Juniors first.

The Rowing Team won the Varsity Eight in the Shawnigan Regatta

The Sailing Team won the Brentwood Cup for the fourth year in a row. Our Cross Country Juniors and Midgets won their respective classes in the Island Championships, and our Tennis Team continued to take second place in the Independent Schools competition.

You might be interested to know that we have adopted a new summer sports philosophy wherein there is a free choice of games. It used to be that the track coaches had priority and if they wanted a certain boy for track then they had him regardless of the wishes of the boy. Well, we have changed this this year, and I think everybody is much happier, and the system is working well.

We have added new games in lacrosse and badminton, in which I may say that John Gourlay went to the final in the Island Junior championship. And Softball, so that I think our games programme is reasonably rounded.

One of the most exciting projects undertaken this year was, of course, the swimming pool. Incidentally, to the parents who have boys in grade VIII or IX, some of whom have emerged from the pool merely to eat and sleep recently, you may not get home the best students in the world, but you are certainly going to get the cleanest. This is something for which I want to thank not only the boys, but also the parents—The boys for their great efforts, encouraged and directed by Mr. Prowse, and the parents for putting up with the campaign for money and for all their help and for all the talk they have had to listen to for the past year. It has all been very worth while, and now we have got something we can identify personally with, something which will be of tremendous value to the school in the months and years to come.

The Drama Department continues active. We had a concert this year—a rather sophisticated concert under the direction of Mr. Ford. We had planned to do a play, but unfortunately we had committed ourselves to just too many things to do, and we just had to delay this production until the Fall.

Our staff remains almost intact next year, although we are losing Mr. Rees. Mr. Rees has been with us for five years. He came at a time when we seemed to be experts at losing all games. He took over a rugby team whose record was extraordinary in that it had not had any wins at all. The year following his takeover, we won more games than we lost, and in the last two years we have never been beaten except by a team which had to come all the way from Scotland to do this. This is due to his enthusiasm, his competence, his dedication and his immense energy. This same ability and dedication he has applied to all phases of his work at Brentwood. We shall miss both his contribution and his company, and we all wish him well for the future.

To Mr. Bunch. to Mr. Crookston and to all the staff I would like to pay particular tribute for your dedication and support in this year. To the housekeeper, kitchen staff, the janitorial and the maintenance staff, and to last, but not least, that wonderful Irishman, who is as successful a stagehand as he is a gardener, Mr. Finnegan. All the beauty of these grounds are of his creation. and to him our most grateful thanks.

And now, the Grade XII's, you leave us to go on to University, and from this moment your status is changed. No longer are we standing over you directing your every move. Now you are on your own. Now you have to apply your own self-discipline. Now the effectiveness of what we have been trying to teach you will be judged. Of course I hope we

have taught, and sometimes at least, inspired in the classroom. But I hope too the wider lessons have been learned. I hope you remember the business of tolerance and consideration for others—of standing up for what you know is right—of living in peaceful co-existence and friendship with your fellow human beings. You go on to University where you find all kinds of behaviour and philosophies. You may even find that kind of student activity, which, masquerading in the guise of philosophies or movements for peace or for intellectual freedom, are in reality disguised vehicles for license for aggression, for anarchy, for hatred. You are not going to calm or to persuade your fellow citizens by jumping up and down screaming. You are not going to aid the cause of peaceful co-existence by demonstrating that you can't co-exist peacefully with your fellow citizens. This is not to say that you should allow yourselves to be led like sheep. This is not to say that you should never question, never challenge, never discuss. You should speak, you should preach, and if necessary you should even demonstrate, but you must do so in a way which will persuade and not provoke. You must appeal to kindness and reason, not to hate and hysteria. You must not express alienation or bring about estrangement. Your duty is to help humanity by furthering the reconciliation on which the survival of our race depends, reconciliation at home and reconciliation abroad, reconciliation with all levels and sections of our own society, and beyond that reconciliation with all races, black, white and yellow. Never has there been a more urgent necessity for brotherhood, for kindness, for tolerance and for consideration for others.

And now in closing, there is one new project which I have not yet mentioned.

This year we started a band, and we were fortunate enough to secure the assistance of a director who is dedicated, who is enthusiastic, and who obviously knows what he is about. His enthusiasm has rubbed off on all sixty of us. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Boel.

PRIZE LIST

FORM PRIZES

Grade VIII	Rook, P.
Grade IX (1)	Evans, C.
Grade IX (2)	Rea, J.
Grade X (1)	Anderson, J.
Grade X (2)	Schmidt, S.
Grade XI (1)	Holmes, W.
Grade XI (2)	Johnson, L.
Grade XI (3)	Spoor, R.
Grade XII (2)	Peters, N.
Grade XII (1)	Angus, J. A.

The Butchart Trophy:

Dux Award of the School

SUBJECT PRIZES

English	—	Senior	—	Watt, Bill
	—	Junior	—	Bramall, T
History	—	Senior	—	Angus, J. A.
	—	Junior	—	Wood, D.
Social Studies 11	—	Senior	—	Britton, J.
Geography	—	Junior	—	Higgins, J.
Physics	—	Senior	—	Williams, B.
Chemistry	—	Senior	—	Peters, N.
Biology	—	Senior	—	Cupples, W.
General Science	—	Junior	—	Caviness, J.
Mathematics	—	Senior	—	Holmes, W.
	—	Junior	—	Evans, C.
German	—	Senior	—	Holmes, W.
	—	Junior	—	Anderson, J.
French	—	Senior	—	Patriarche, J.
	—	Junior	—	Rook, P.
Music			—	Woodward, Jack

SPECIAL AWARDS

✓ The Florence Scott Award for Outstanding Work in

Creative English: W. Watt

The Earnshaw Trophy for a Superior Dramatic

✓ Contribution: Runner up: R. M. Hall

The winner: P. McFarland

MacInnes Award for Poetry Speaking

Runners up: J. Milner, G. Bowes

The winner: P. McFarland

✓ The Cooke Trophy for Outstanding Contribution

to the Rugby Club: D. Williams

✓ The Junior Citizenship Award: Nominated:

B. Hawkesworth, G. Stamatis, M. Durban

The winner: J. Gray

The Powell Trophy for Senior Citizenship: Nominated:

✓ B. Homer, W. Holmes, D. Anderson

The winners: P. Watson and D. Hindson

The Davis Award and Book Prize for Outstanding

✓ Scholastic Progress in Junior School: Nominated: P. Ross,

K. Bowker

The winner: J. Arnim

✓ Appleton Trophy for Leadership:

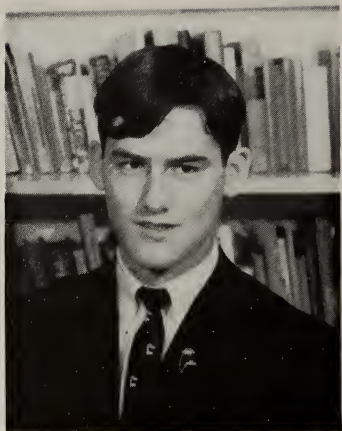
Nominated: Sawyer and Hickman

The winner: J. A. Angus

✓ The Yarrow Shield for Scholastic and Athletic

Attainments: Nominated: S. Angus and G. Hughes

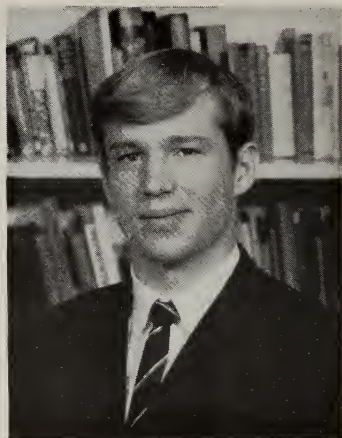
The winner: B. Williams



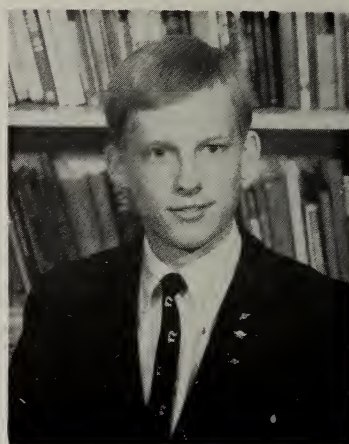
J. A. ANGUS
Edmonton
Head Prefect, Rugby XV
Tennis Team, Academic
Colours, Athletic Colours
winner Appleton Trophy
for Leadership.



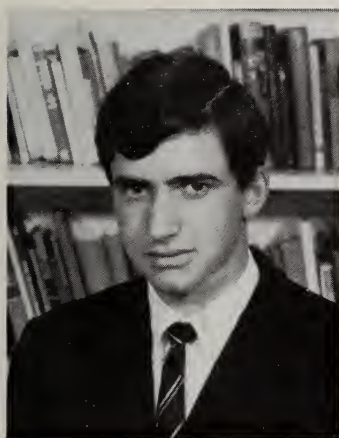
R. ARCHER
Vancouver
Rugby XV, Track Team,
Athletic Colours



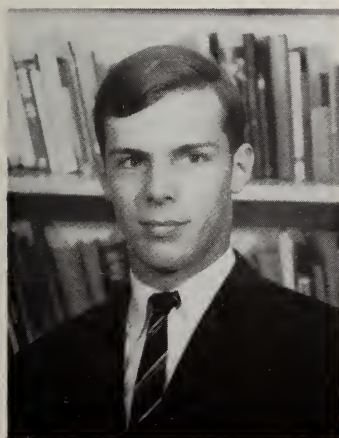
L. BAKOS
Quesnel
Prefect, Rowing VIII



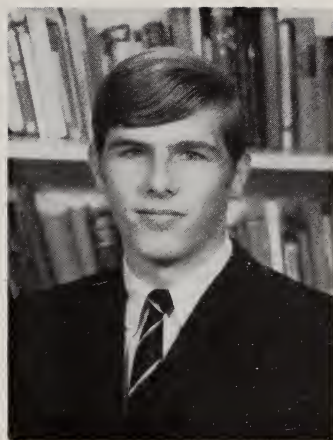
D. BOULTON
Victoria
Tennis Team, Athletic
Colours.



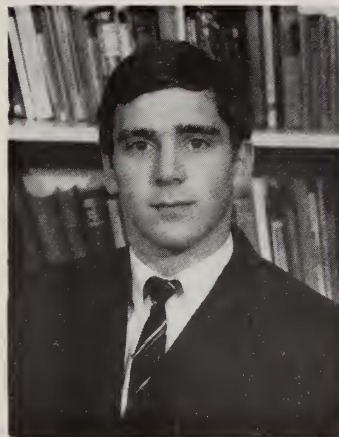
J. BRAIDEN
Edmonton
Track Team



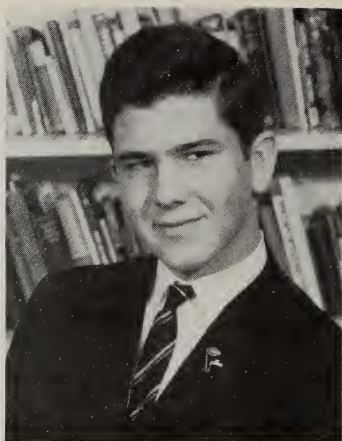
R. BRAMALL
Vancouver
Rugby XV, Track Team,
Basketball Team.



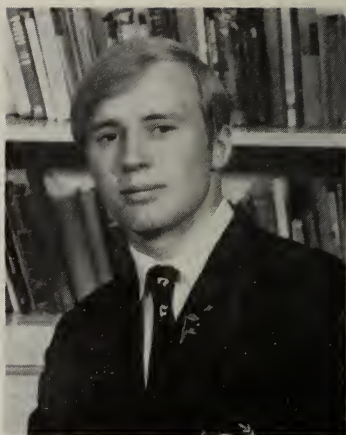
M. BRAMALL
Vancouver
Prefect



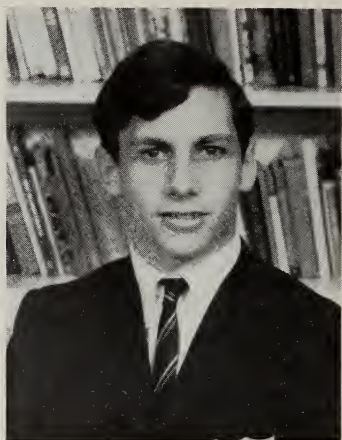
H. CARRUTHERS
Vancouver



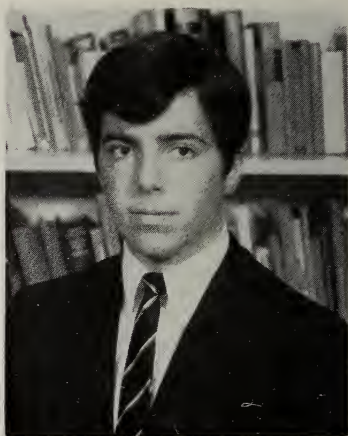
W. CUPPLES
Victoria
Rugby XV, Rowing VIII



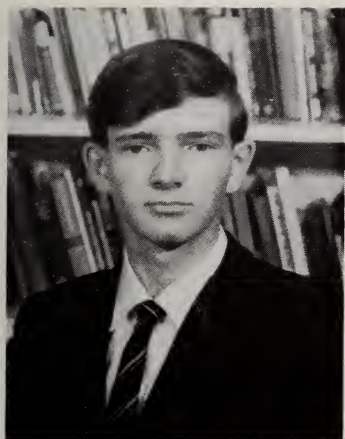
C. DAVIDSON
Victoria
Rugby XV, Track Team,
Athletic Colours



T. DAVIS
Victoria



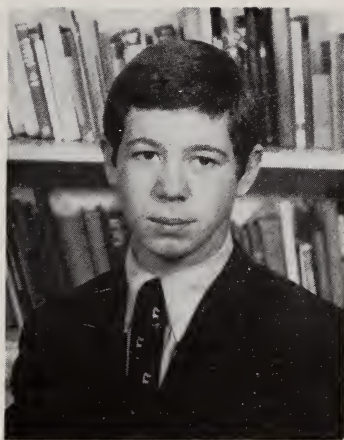
C. ELWICK
Victoria
Prefect



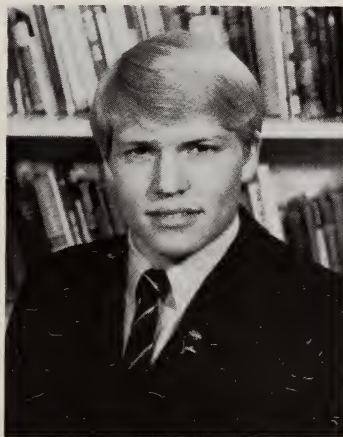
R. FORBES
Cassiar



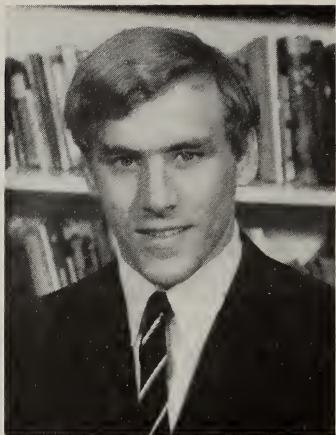
M. HALL
Vancouver
Prefect, Rugby XV, Rowing
Team, Athletic Colours



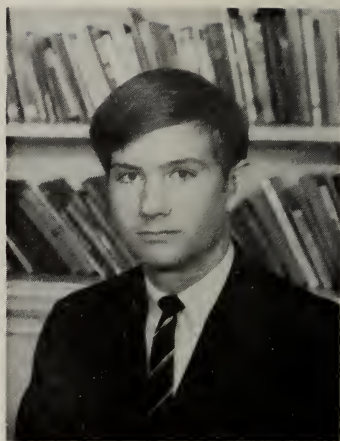
J. GUTHRIE
Vancouver
Basketball Team, Track Team,
Athletic Colours.



D. HICKMAN
Vancouver
Prefect, Rugby XV, Rowing
Team, Athletic Colours.



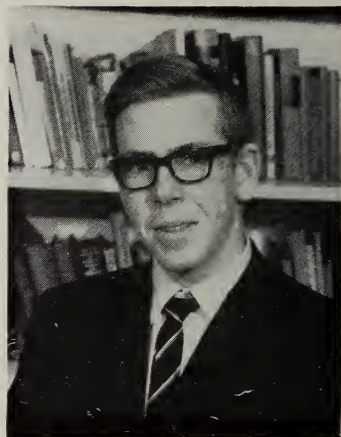
G. HUGHES
Salt Spring Island
Prefect, Rugby XV, Rowing
Team, Athletic Colours.



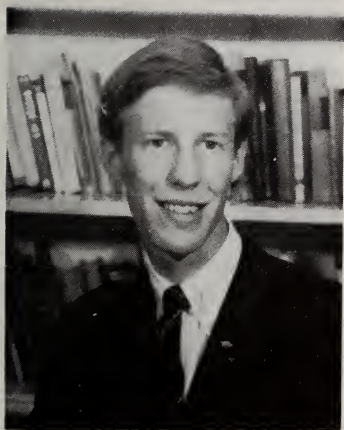
W. LEWIS
Bangkok
Prefect



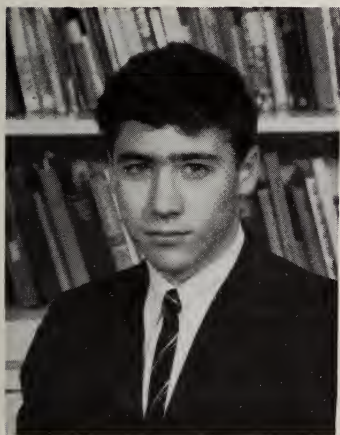
A. McCRINDLE
Campbell River
Rugby XV, Athletic Colours



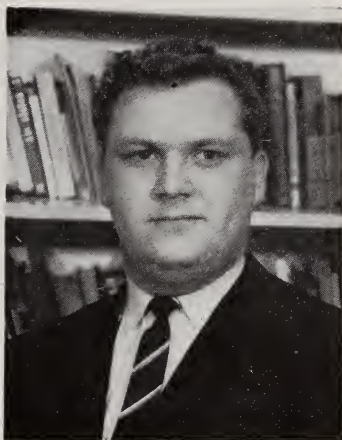
B. MacKINNON
Vancouver
Prefect



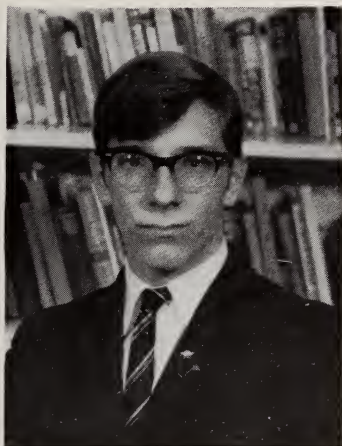
H. MALTBY
Victoria
Track Team



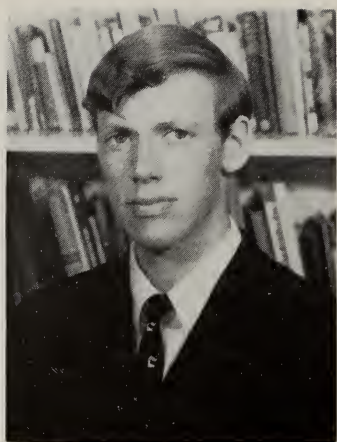
D. MINTY
Victoria



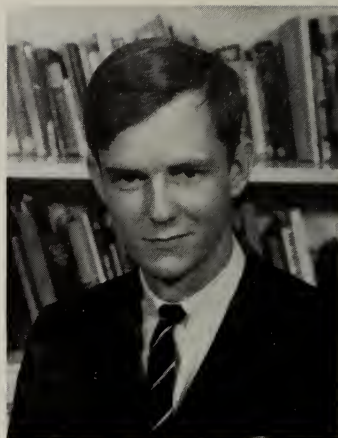
J. MILNER
Edmonton
Prefect



J. PATRIARCHE
Victoria
Academic Colours



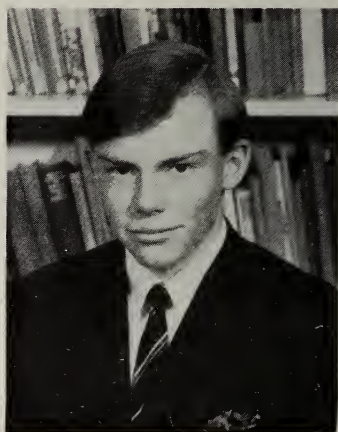
N. PETERS
Kelowna
Academic Colours



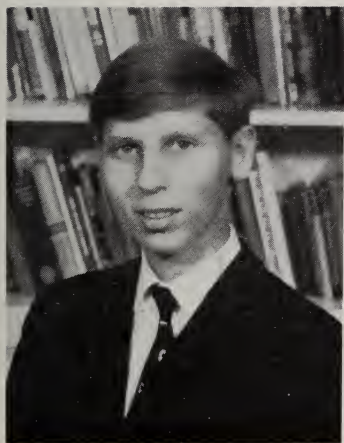
K. RICHARDSON
Calgary
Prefect



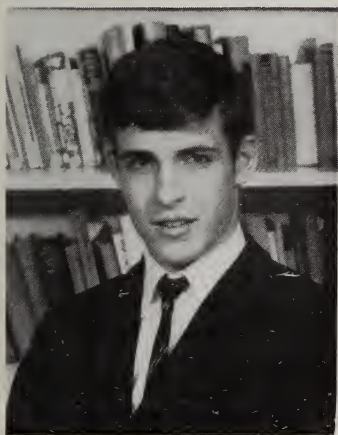
W. SEED
Youbou



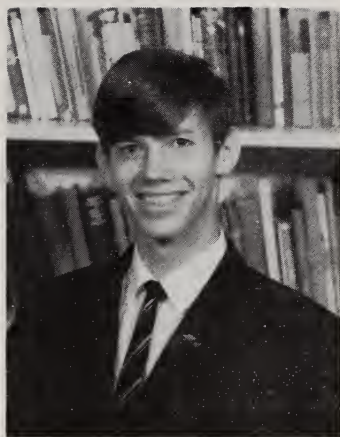
R. SWANSON
Tsawassen



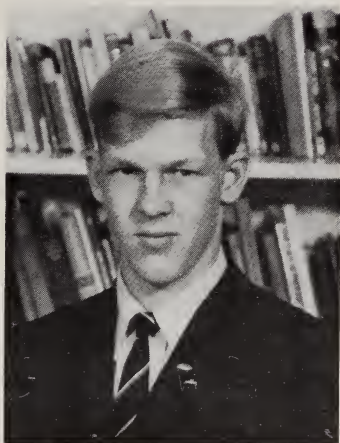
C. TEMPLE
Vancouver
Academic Colours



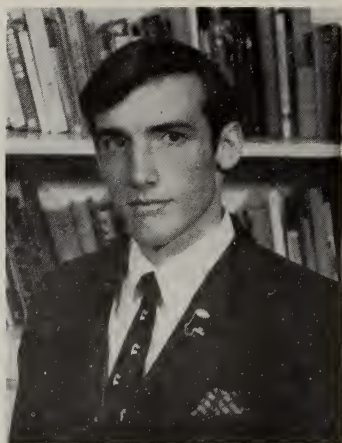
B. WEBSTER
Vancouver
Tennis Team, Basketball
Team, Athletic Colours



W. WATT
Surrey



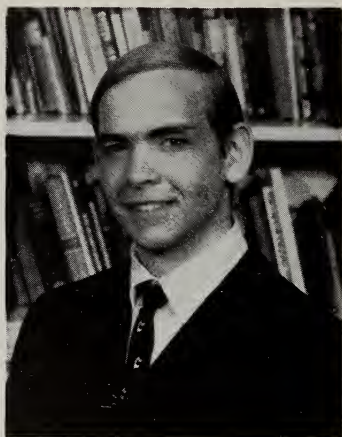
B. WILLIAMS
Duncan
Prefect, Rugby XV, Basket-
ball Team, Tennis Team,
Academic Colours, Athletic
Colours, Yarrow Shield.



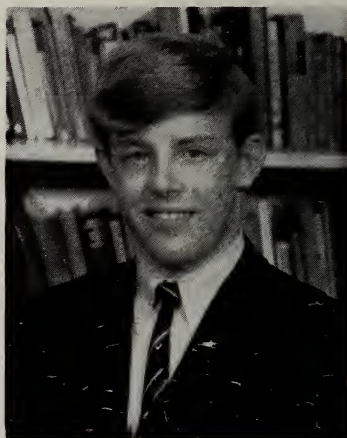
D. WILLIAMS
West Vancouver
Rugby XV, Track Team,
Basketball Team, Tennis
Team, Athletic Colours.



G. WILLIAMS
West Vancouver



A. WILSON
Lethbridge
Prefect, Rugby XV, Rowing
Team, Athletic Colours



W. WINTERTON
Calgary
Prefect, Tennis Team



THE REVEREND P. G. HARRIS

It was with great sorrow that the school learned of the sudden death of the Reverend P. G. Harris, our Chaplain, during January. Reverend Harris took a very great interest in the School and all its activities, and was indeed a good friend to the boys to whom he ministered. His presence in Chapel did much towards the development of this most vital aspect of school life. His cheerful manner and his keen interest in the boys will be greatly missed, and we extend to Mrs. Harris our very deepest sympathy in her and our loss.



SENIOR HOUSE

The house this year was subjected to many novel situations, one of the most unusual being that it contained some "students" who had already experienced one year in Senior House in their Grade XI year. This group became so popular that all their friends from other houses made every effort to join them in the happy environs of our compound. This led to a great number of house changes and altogether some 52 boys were members of the house at one time or another.

Another novelty was the commissioning of a fully equipped kitchen and a spacious common room in Senior House West. The common room was equipped with a television set and there the more intellectual elements of the house spent what spare time they had. We were still very disorganized when we received our crowning compliment, that of being host to the school's first Royal Student. The direct descendant of the Imperial House of Ethiopia, alas, spent but one night under our leaking roof and departed with great haste for the cosmopolitan atmosphere of downtown Toronto.

On the social side, the house sponsored a dance in the winter term and an outing to Victoria in the spring. For

some perverse reason the members of the house lost interest in such social activities and refused the offer of a second dance. I trust their interest in the opposite sex has revived in the summer vacation.

The house was very well served, with an exceptionally gifted Head boy, Sasha Angus, and three industrious prefects, Glen Hughes, Bill Winterton, and Larry Bakos, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank them all for their devoted service throughout the year. In the summer term monitors were appointed by me to assist the prefects in their evening duties and again the choice was very fortunate. Paul Watson, Phil Arnoldi, Gordon Southam, Robert Hindson and John MacInnes performed a very difficult job and eventually took over the supervision of house duties entirely. I would like to thank these monitors for their interest and responsibility in a time when the prefects and housemaster are deeply involved in academic pursuits.

Overheard or Seen in Passing . . .

“Richard Swanson fell asleep standing on his head.”

“Robert Hindson eats two pounds of spaghetti every night.”

“It’s been a pleasure knowing you, Sir.” Al McCrindle.

“I’m sure we’re excellent candidates for Senior House next year: we don’t smoke. We don’t drink”

Gordon Southam walking barefoot in the rain

Musk sleeps outside the kitchen to get “some” fresh air

“Ex-prefects still go looking for smokers.”

“Moodie and Milroy really are building an airstrip.”

“Richard Forbes is always throwing stones in the water at the boiler-house.”

—A. C.



WHITTALL HOUSE

Prefects: D. Sawyer (House Captain)
M. Hall; D. Hickman; B. MacKinnon

Monitors: G. Bowes; J. Britton; D. Hindson;
B. Homer; S. Mackenzie; P. Scarrow.

“Be responsible!” was the house rule and they were—for the most part. Of course, there were the trumpet tootlers, the super-stereophonic noise-makers, the midnight skulkers, and others of that ilk, but the majority of the sixty-eight boys in Whittall House this year lived in peace with their neighbours, respecting the Geneva Convention and the Marquis of Queensbury Rules.

After the initial settling in period, during which I came to know them and they were compelled to recognize my existence, when new friendships were made and old enmities revived, when the dorm changers had finished playing their personal game of checkers,—after all this the house became a unit.

The rules were as few as possible and made at the request of members of the house for the benefit of all. The prefects

had special dorms under their care and were known as Big Brothers (a cross between the Orwellian concept and the present day American system). The dorms also had areas of responsibility. Some took a pride in doing their duties conscientiously. Others were equally conscientious about dodging their duties and in doing so worked harder than they would have if they had performed them well in the first place.

The house outings to Victoria and to Bamberton beach and the house dance were activities which met with general acclaim and all round enjoyment.

My thanks to all the boys in the house for showing me all the tricks I have to watch out for next year. My thanks also to the first rate House Captain for his faithful support throughout the year and on what were at times trying occasions, and to my other prefects and monitors who each helped in his own, individual way to make this, my first year as housemaster, one that I will find hard to forget!

—R. O.



ELLIS HOUSE

This has been a happy year in Ellis House. With a good nucleus of boys from last year still resident and well versed in the whims and eccentricities of the Housemaster, it did not take long for the new boys to get into the swim of things, and for the House to be running smoothly. The stream of boys sent to stand apprehensively outside the dreaded panelled study in the bottom corridor, after lunch of a weekday, soon reduced to a trickle, as everyone learnt how to make beds, sweep out rooms, clean corridors and empty garbage cans to the satisfaction of Mr. Prowse and his Prefects. To many new to the situation it probably appeared as if their lives were fast becoming controlled by these activities—too often taken for granted at home—but it was amazing how soon they became so much a part of life that they were hardly noticed in the daily routine.

The House is to be congratulated on both the decor and the tidiness of the rooms. The decor varied greatly from the rugged bear-skinned, snowshoe'd log cabin atmosphere of our backwoodsman from Quesnel, and his more sophisticated

cabin mates, to the 'horsy' atmosphere engendered by Phil Ross and the psychedelic lighting and art work in the room of our "mod" Salt Springer, whilst the accolade for neatness and tidiness must go to the "Upstairs Elevens". These very varied styles in the rooms reflected the diverse personalities who made up the House. There was the House's very own 'Dennis the Menace' in the form of our boy from Brentwood Bay—it was a matter of hot debate whether he would conform before he drove his Housemaster into an insane asylum! Then there was Jimmy Rea who kept us all in a great state of excitement wondering where his home would be next. In the course of the year he moved from India to New York to Indonesia! We were all relieved when Mike Hicks set a new school Pole Vault record. He achieved the whole performance without giggling once, whilst our local resident genius drove one simpler fellow Albertan to distraction with his continual philosophizing! It was even rumored that Dorm 15 was the centre of a new religious cult, as at any moment of the day or night an innocent passerby could peer in and see a large group of silent, wide-eyed, prostrate boys staring fixedly at a square box which continuously emitted strange noises and bright flashes!

And so I could go on. It was a House full of real personalities and I greatly enjoyed the hospitality that was extended to me in every room and the happy relaxed atmosphere that existed everywhere. Long may this feeling last. It says a lot for the individuals who made up Ellis House and the Prefects led by Head of House, Bill Lewis, who ran an efficient but at the same time easy going House. Thanks to you all for giving the Housemaster such an easy, relaxed and trouble free year.

—N.R.B.P.



HOPE HOUSE

The beginning of the year saw considerable change in the physical appearance of Hope House with the first step in the renovation of the House being CARPETS. Much to the joy of Dorm 11 they returned to find elegant wall-to-wall carpeting. During this summer the Common Room was done as were also all the rooms on the first floor, and with the coming of this fall term the Common Room will be gay with bright drapes and upholstery.

At the beginning of the fall term Hope House commenced life with forty-eight members, but as a result of transfers and various reasons this decreased to forty-five. Of these, thirty-five were new boys, and this meant that the inevitable settling-in period was of rather longer duration than in previous years. The inevitable bouts of homesickness occurred, but these were overcome, and before too long the "Hopefuls" settled down to school life.

The House captain was Harry Maltby, and he was most ably assisted by the other Prefects, Bruce MacKinnon, Bill Winterton and Chris Elwick. After Christmas some changes resulted and Bruce Williams and Alan Wilson were transferred to the House.

To these I wish to extend my thanks for their help, assistance and support over the past year.

As was the custom during the summer term the Prefects did not do House duties, and we again had the assistance of Grade XI students as House monitors. Bill Holmes, Jock McKinnon, Peter McFarland and Gerald Whittall rendered yeoman service.

We had our characters as always, of whom Brent Roberts loomed large, and he ended the year most adept at cleaning the Housemaster's silver. The band, official and unofficial successfully wrecked the peace, quiet and harmony (?) of the cloistered calm of Hope House. Peter Chettleburgh's trombone and Bob Davis' clarinet after some months eventually mastered the Battle Hymn of the Republic, after its' having both plagued both them and the Housemaster for some five months.

One of the highlights was the House outing to Victoria at the end of the spring term when all and sundry had a pleasant afternoon swimming, taking in a movie, and then finishing up with a Polynesian smorgaasbord at which Larry Sughroue managed to make six trips to the buffet, and later on in the evening had to have bismuth administered by the Housemaster.

All in all, quite a good year, and to those who will be progressing on to a senior house I say good luck, and to those who will be remaining I look forward to helping me next year with the new entries.

—D.P.

BRENTWOOD COLLEGE RUGBY CLUB

As the results through the School suggest, this was the most successful year we have experienced. The depth in the school which has been the ultimate aim was very much in evidence, with more games played and more boys involved in playing.

Two teams in particular caught the eye: the Colts XV had an undefeated season as did the 1st XV who extended their unbeaten run against Canadian High Schools to 42 games. In 1965-66 the 2nd XV were undefeated—the 1st XV of 1966-67 were also undefeated and with the latter two successes they have helped complete a most impressive record for the Club in recent years. It has been most encouraging to all connected with the Club to see the enthusiasm of all students for the game, particularly the Juniors who, it is hoped will keep the name of the College in good standing. Our congratulations to all players at all levels and a special thank you to Mr. Finnegan for his fine work on the fields, and to Nick Stone and Tom deRoos for their devotion in maintaining the School rugby equipment.

Playing Record

	P	W	L	D	For	Against
1st XV	20	15	4	1	268	83
2nd XV	11	8	3	—	79	45
3rd XV	9	6	3	—	64	23
4th XV	7	4	3	—	60	19
5th XV	3	2	1	—	31	11
Colts A	16	16	—	—	261	51
Colts B	4	1	3	—	23	48
Junior Colts	12	9	2	1	129	70
Junior Colts	6	3	3	—	29	92
Junior Junior Colts	4	1	2	1	33	21

Trophies

1st XV	- B. C. High School Championships
	- Vancouver Island H. S. Championships
	- Independent Schools Cup
	- Mid Island H. S. Championship

Colts XV	- Lloyd Williams Trophy (Brent v Shaw)
Junior Colts XV	- Lloyd Williams Trophy (Brent v Shaw)
Mike Hall	- Mitchell Place Kicking Cup

“What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air; that they excel in athletic sports that they can only speak one language; and that they can never read. This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek.”

Disraeli 1804–81.



1st XV

At the beginning of this season, the 1st XV was in the unfortunate position of having to succeed an undefeated team. The problem was compounded by the fact that many key positions had to be filled by young, inexperienced players, and in the initial days there was a distinct feeling of the "Old Boys" and the "New Boys". Let the record now read that this team extended the 20 games undefeated from the previous season, into 42 games undefeated at end of season '67-68, and in so doing captured all the honours in High School rugby that the province has to offer.

This was a remarkable achievement, one worthy of analysis. There was unquestionably not the same individual talent as in the previous years, but as the season progressed this aspect was compensated for by fine team work, great dedication to their respective jobs, and a tremendous spirit that was so essential for a winning combination. An inordinate number of injuries through the year meant that a total of 27 boys represented the 1st XV at one time or another. Some of these injuries came before crucial games, and this not only speaks highly for the

reserve strength, but also the team as a whole who were able to accept these problems and not allow their morale to be affected.

The team again this year displayed excellent defensive qualities. Only 4 tries were scored against them in High School Rugby—in particular the back row covered a tremendous amount of ground, not because of great speed, but sensible positional play. To the odd critic who suggests that we should be throwing the ball about with gay abandon—I repeat that the prerequisite for good rugby, in our opinion, is a good defence first, and then the attack—if you have the players.

Heartiest congratulations to the 1st XV for a most successful season. As three regular players will be returning along with seven other boys who have represented the team in '67-68, we look forward to another good year in season '68-69.

No report of this type would be complete without mention of the Captain of the 1st XV, and the Brentwood College Rugby Club—Dai Williams. Controversy will rage for many years about this player, and as this will be my last year at Brentwood, I would like to go on record with the following. His attitude on occasions has been an embarrassment, his great ability has been so feared that he has been subjected to some appalling displays of verbal abuse from other schools; as an all-round rugby player there has been no equal at Brentwood; his contribution to the development of rugby at School has been immense and I have never had occasion to doubt his loyalty to the 1st XV or to the club. I hope that he may overcome some of his weaknesses, but above all I thank him for great service to the College.

—A.R.



2nd XV

Another very good year for the 2nd XV. As always they are never sure who will be called upon to move up into the 1sts and who they will get to replace him. With so many injuries in the senior team this year, their record of having only lost 2 games is a very fine achievement. Despite starting the season rather slowly, their performances after Xmas were remarkable, as several boys suddenly began to realize their potential. The forwards in particular were most impressive, and it gave me great confidence to think that any one of these players could move up and give a competent performance. In Jim Guthrie they were fortunate enough to have an aggressive Captain who would play in any position, and one who led by example.

Their greatest achievement and one in which they should accept full credit, is in supplying players to the 1st XV at a moment's notice. There can be no doubt that the 1st XV would not have been so successful without the strength of the 2nds.

DON HICKMAN (Full Back) After only one season in this position he has improved considerably— Sure tackler, but positional sense often lacking. Had the confidence to use both feet when kicking—his left is a “swinger”.

ROB ARCHER (Wing) All departments of his game have improved. Still inclined to be hesitant close to the line—covers extremely well—a balanced runner.

DEAN SAWYER (Centre) Top try scorer—Made the transition from wing to centre very successfully. Must learn to follow his co-centre on the break—Tackling has improved greatly—extremely fast and determined.

CRAIG DAVIDSON (Centre) Another who moved in from the wing. Superb defence and capable of making the half break. A great competitor—lacks the speed for centre play—a move to wing forward next season would be a great success.

RICK BRAMALL (Wing) Joined the 1st XV after Xmas. Showed many promising moves as he gained confidence—Has a weakness in defence that will improve with more games. Potentially a scoring threat.

DAI WILLIAMS (O.H.—Capt.) In his fourth season in the 1st XV. A remarkable rugby player who was again the ‘general’ of the team. Can excite and cause despair—often the ingredients of creative footballers. He can tackle but does not always do so—is capable of brilliant tactical kicking—remarkably consistent goal kicker. Brentwood will miss him next year. Must play Full Back.

ALAN McCRINDLE (I. H.) Has been an excellent performer at the base of the scrum. He could rise to the International level as he has the basic ingredients—quick hands, sure service, kicks with both feet, covers and tackles extremely well and reads a game. His one weakness was not running enough with the ball.

ALAN WILSON (Prop.) Although not quite heavy enough as a prop, his desire and 100% effort were most satisfactory substitutes. As an ex-hooker he gave great service in the tight.

MIKE HALL (Hooker) Has led the forwards with great vigour—setting a first class example. Good striker who was extremely mobile and intelligent in all that he did. His leadership will be missed.

CAM GARDINER (Prop.) An injury at Xmas prevented him from completing another great season. His tireless work in the loose was at times inhuman—he led the pack in this department. Could concentrate more on his tight scrumming—give the hooker more help at the expense of destroying his opposite number.

WILLIE CUPPLES (Prop.) As a late arrival to the 1st XV he displayed more and more confidence as the season ended. He works well in line outs and scrums and as another ex-hooker gave great service in the tight. Increased mobility would help his game.

GLEN HUGHES (Lock) Despite being plagued by a knee injury for most of the season, he was still the strong man of the scrum. His two performances against Shawnigan will long be remembered. Extremely adept at ripping the ball away in the loose—prone to carrying the ball a little too long and too high in the air. Will be a great success at the Senior level—his approach to the game was typical of an Islander.

ROBERT HINDSON (Lock) It was only after Xmas that he realized his full potential and we saw for the first time that he could be a great player. Jumps well, although not always cleanly, grafts in the loose, covers and tackles—he does not always look confident with the ball in broken field play.

SASHA ANGUS, PHILIP ARNOLDI, BRUCE WILLIAMS (Back Row)

All three players were new to the 1st XV this year and their responsibility was a great one. We have always believed that your cover defence is more important than any other department of the game—to this end these three have done an exceptional job. Only four tries have been scored in thirteen consecutive High School games, and those were not necessarily because of bad cover. Arnoldi was the fastest of the three and covered in depth—his speed was a great asset—his ball handling needs attention and now that he has mastered the technique of covering he should give more time to attack. Both Williams and Angus have tackled superbly and controlled the back of the line-out well—for two very light forwards they have been most courageous up front, and used their intelligence to compensate for some physical deficiencies as forwards.

JOHN TASSIN (I. H.) Found the move to the 1st XV too big a jump, but has learned his trade at the correct level in the 2nds. A most industrious player who took considerable punishment from line-outs. He will make the grade next season.

JIM BRAIDEN (Wing) Another player who really enjoyed his game, although somewhat injury prone. He can and will play anywhere—extremely quick and aggressive, but his handling has often been his downfall.

PAUL WATSON (W. F.) Was moved from 3rd XV to 1st XV for one game, and did an excellent job. Despite his inexperience he displays many of the qualities that make him almost an automatic choice for next year. Intelligent and most aggressive close to the line—lack of speed will force him to the blind side. He must learn to 'obstruct' at the back of the line-out to the satisfaction of the ref.

BILL Van derSTRAETON (Prop.) Rugby terminology is no longer 'Double Dutch'—new to the game this year his progress has been most noticeable—lacks mobility but uses his weight and strength effectively in both tight and loose.

JOE MILNER (Prop.) A very useful forward in wet conditions—has represented the 1st XV on two occasions. He is another big forward who finds it difficult to adapt to the modern concept of forward mobility. Most effective in line-out protection.

DAVID MINTY (Hooker) Was rather unfortunate to lose his 1st XV place after Xmas. However, he gave great service in the first part of the term and always gave us our share of the ball. Small and light, but extremely intelligent and industrious in the loose.

B. LEWIS (Wing) Another who lost his place after Xmas, but did the job asked of him before that time. He has yet to realize his potential speed and has a tendency to hesitate and at times stop when confronted by opposition—Kicks well in defence and is a sound tackler.

MIKE HICKS (Utility Back) A very talented footballer who will unquestionably make his mark at the 1st XV level next year. Competent in all the skills of the game—elusive but not necessarily speedy—has worked effectively on his kicking.

JIM GUTHRIE (W. F., O. H.) Jim was unfortunate in losing his 1st XV place after the first game, but as Captain of the 2nds he gave great service to the College. Enjoys his game and has a very fine attitude—one feels that he will enjoy it even more at Senior level.

PETER SCARROW (Centre, Wing) He is still learning the game, and will improve as he gains confidence. A neat footballer who can pass and tackle as well as any—more aggression close to the line would have brought him more tries.

HARVEY CARRUTHERS (W. Forward) Enjoys his game and always gives 100%. Rather on the light side for a forward but compensates with his aggression—scored many tries close to the line.

GORDON SOUTHAM (Lock) He has made great strides this year. A more positive approach to his play has reaped dividends—despite his lack of weight he has been most effective in line-outs and pushed to the best of his ability in the tight. Finds it difficult to keep with the pack, but never stops trying. He could make his mark next year.

JOHN HILL (Lock) A much improved player in the second half of the season—his work in the loose has been exceptional and he has given good ball in the line-outs. Lacks mobility—he will be an asset to the School next year.

MIKE BRAMALL (Wing) Although never using his natural speed he has often looked dangerous—another who lacks aggression close to the line but has been a good team member who was prepared to play anywhere.

JOHN McINNES (Prop.) He began the season slowly, but of late has produced some of the fire he displayed as a Colt. He is industrious and aggressive, but being on the heavy side has inhibited his mobility.

DAVID HINDSON (Centre) A useful utility back. The following need attention—kicking and passing. He must learn to run straight. A good competitor who has been unlucky with injuries. He has scored some fine individual tries.

DOUG MILROY (Lock) A considerable improvement in the 2nd half of the season. He played hard in the loose and has realized his mobile potential. A good line-out forward and he will get even more balls with more weight.

PACK HARRIS (Full Back/Fly Half) A good kicker, though he should learn to make the angle. He will probably finish as a full-back, but should not neglect the opportunity to play fly-half,—these positions are frequently interchangeable. He should try and analyse his game and thus should improve his positional play and timing of coming into the line.

D'ARCY BOULTON (Full Back/Fly Half) One of the fastest men in the side and a good kicker—alas only with one foot. This led him to be caught a lot at fly-half. Full back is probably his position, but he must learn to kick with BOTH feet, and to avoid telegraphing his “fake”.

BILL WINTERTON (Wing Forward) A good leader who was able to "fire up" a pack. He played well as a wing forward, though mainly in a destructive role. In attack he ran hard, but so often one step too many. After Hick's promotion he filled in well at scrum half and as Captain was responsible for the excellent spirit of the 3rd XV.

BOB JOHNSEN (Wing) A hard runner, but no finesse. If he is to make an impact next year he must think about his game and realize a wing threequarter can make work by positioning himself, and looking for the ball. He should practise his kicking and remember to put the ball under the far arm so that he can use his powerful hand off.



3rd XV

Although the 3rd XV did not have a 100% record they lost no game by more than 3 points, and they made their usual spring contribution to "A" group. Several of these promoted players should appear for the 1st XV next year.

The Captain, Bill Winterton, played with great fire and enthusiasm as a wing forward, and when pressed into service as a scrumhalf late in the season performed quite adequately. He leads by example and gives his all. The front row of Van der Straeten, Bowes, and Britton, gained more than their fair share of the ball, but only Britton shows real desire to get to the ball in the loose. Van der Straeten must increase his mobility, and Bowes his desire. The Second Row, although they tried wholeheartedly, were rather light. Peters, Telfer, and Milroy appeared in this position, as did Southam, who gained promotion to "A" group. The open side wing forward, Watson, improved with each game, and here, surely, is a 1st XV player. Elwick played at number eight and also in the centre, but he needs to relax. It is possible in rugby to be over eager so that passes are dropped, or off-side penalties awarded.

At scrumhalf Hicks proved the side's most dangerous runner. He has a quick eye for an opening, a good service, and kicks well. In "A" group he played full-back and is in the happy situation of playing both positions with equal facility. Boulton, the fly half, is a nerve wracking player to watch. Elusive one moment, caught the next. The answer is, I think, that he is most unhappy under pressure.

McClellan played centre, and later moved to the forwards where he should certainly continue to play. He likes to be in the thick of it and when he learns more of the game he will be a very good player. Stewart tackled ferociously, and runs hard with the ball in his hands, though he must learn to look inside. So often he died with the ball when he had a supporting player at his side. Harris at full back kicks well, but he has much to learn about positional play and making the angle when he kicks.

This was a good 3rd XV. The coach hopes that those boys who are graduating, in spite of not playing in "A" group, will continue to play after leaving Brentwood. They could be useful members of a club side, and who knows? —There are many examples of players who did not play for their school 1st XV who later became Internationals.



4th XV

Played	Won	Lost	Pts.	Pts.
7	4	3	60	19

The won-lost record of the 4th XV as shown above does not really do them so much credit as the points totals do and it is the latter which really reflects the season's accomplishments.

The season fell into distinct halves—this first being a period of learning and constant readjustment—the second one of increasing momentum. The team as of September contained only 5 players of previous experience, and although physical talent was evident, refinements came gradually. The first independent school series were all narrow losses following a 16–0 defeat of Qualicum. After the Christmas break the pack really came into its own and set up every win thereafter. Each independent school was defeated quite convincingly in the second half of the season.

Credit for the season's performance can be placed in three main areas—creative use of the boot, determined defence, and a

pack which delighted in wearing down opponents. The one anticlimactic note is the regret that opposition was not as available as it is to other school teams.



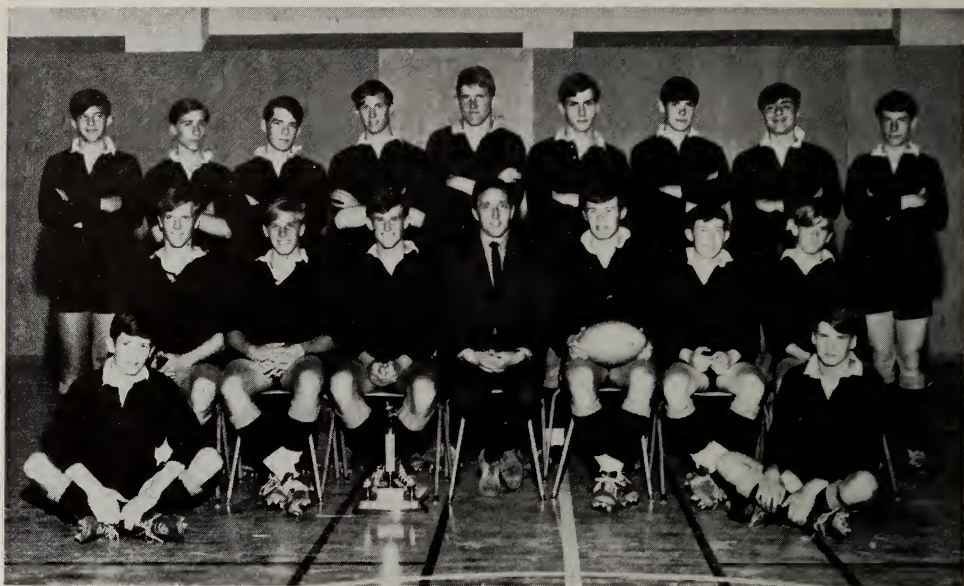
5th XV

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
4	2	1	1	31	11

For the second straight year the fifth's had a winning record despite lack of competition at their level and a constantly changed team. The team's average age was low as it incorporated several colts players and its pattern of play was characterized by great determination and energy.

After an opening loss to St. George's 86-8, they beat University School 9-3 and Shawnigan Lake School 16-0 very hardily. The final game of the season was a scoreless tie in a rematch with Shawnigan—a game of solid defense by both sides.

In all a satisfying year from the playing point of view, senior boys did great service in directing and helping the more inexperienced players and the younger members showing considerable improvement and gaining experience which will be of value next season.



COLTS XV 1967-68

The 1967-68 season was an outstanding one for the Colts XV. Not only did they win all their 16 matches but in the process they scored 73 tries whilst allowing only 11 to be scored against them. The reasons for this successful year can perhaps be best summed up in the words of John McKay, Head Football Coach at U.S.C. "You have got to be stubborn to win against top competition and that stubbornness should begin on defense." It is easy to look good against less experienced teams—it is how you perform against the top competition that counts. This is when peak fitness and real determination come into their own. No team that I have ever coached trained harder than this one, and this coupled with their fine aggressive spirit on the field and determination to win produced sixteen consecutive victories for a side which had no individual stars. They just backed each other up all the time both in attack and on defense. At no time was this fine spirit more obvious than in the second game against St. George's when they scored 3 tries in the last fifteen minutes to overcome a six point deficit. In view of the team nature of these victories it would be a mistake to mention individuals, and yet it is perhaps only right to

mention one, Guy Milligan, the Captain, who personified everything that the team stood for, and whose fine leadership counted for more than anything else in those victories.

Team: D. Wood, J. Chellin, D. McIlveen, D. Swanson, J. Barrie L. Johanson, S. Schmidt, J. Gray, J. Cotter, M. Richard, N. Stolberg, G. Milligan (Capt.), P. Ross, J. McKinnon.

—N.R.B.P.



JUNIOR COLTS XV

This year the Junior Colts enjoyed their most successful season yet, winning all but two of their twelve matches and capturing the Williams Trophy in the process. Much of the credit for their achievements must go to Stephen Bramall who, as the only returning player from the previous year, used his experience and skill to Captain the side. From the outset, the team used tactics designed to utilize their potential fully. With a large pack able to ensure a plentiful supply of the ball and young backs who were much better on defence than on offence, it was obvious that our "attack" should come from the



two half backs and the number eight. The result was most successful. Stephen Bramall and John Rook controlled the play with intelligent kicking until the team was in an attacking position at which time Norman Cressey, the No. 8, led the search for tries. Norman's exceptional ability as a place kicker must also be mentioned.

The team can be doubly proud of their successful season considering that seven of the fifteen regular players were actually of Junior Junior Colt age. With this nucleus, we can all look forward with optimism to next year.

—C.M.R.



JR. JR. COLTS 1967-68

Despite having very limited numbers from which to choose a fifteen, the Jr. Jr. Colts had a successful season.

Two victories were managed. Our defeats in many cases did not reflect a lack of ability, but rather a difference in overall size and weight. Where ability was lacking, determination was nearly sufficient to turn defeat to victory.

A legacy from this season will undoubtedly be a novel way for a hooker to enter the scrum. Our hookers, if they arrived somewhat late for a set or loose, would still manage to assume their proper position by crawling through the legs of the back and second row. After they came back out before the ball but were not deterred as they would try again.

Of the other memorable items one would have to mention the leadership of R. Williams as Captain; the untiring efforts of S. Campbell as pack leader; the enthusiasm of M. Hogan and Durban; and the fearless tackling of George Morrison.

The team was a source of strength for the Jr. Colts as many boys made the jump from the Jr. Jr. Colt level to the Jr. Colts during the season. By next fall many other boys will be ready for this level of competition.

—W. R.

RUGBY CLUB BANQUET

On March 26 Brentwood College held its second annual rugby banquet to celebrate another successful rugby season. The season possibly surpassed even last year's, and the dinner was equal to the occasion. Once again the dinner was held at the Cowichan Bay Inn and was attended by all members of the 1st and 2nd XV, the Captains of all the other School teams, and nine members of the Brentwood staff. The guests this year were Mr. Don Burgess, the guest speaker, Mr. Dave Clark, Mr. Bill Stone, and Mr. Loyd Williams. The latter two were Brentwood's most consistent rugby supporters.

After a delicious dinner, Mr. Burgess gave an interesting and very entertaining talk on his rugby tour experiences, of which he has had several, on some of the characters he has met, and on rugby in general. Following this Mr. Bill Stone presented each of the 1st XV team a small lighter on the condition that they were used to light camp fires only.

The coach of the 1st XV, Mr. Rees, gave a talk on this year's season, congratulated the team and presented each member of the 1st XV with Rugby colours. Mr. Rees also made special reference to the outstanding ability of Dai Williams who had been playing on the team for four years. This year the Mitchel kicking cup was presented to Mike Hall, the 1st XV Prop.

Those leaving this term were thanked for their efforts for the College and very best wishes were extended to them in future seasons.

The evening concluded with Robert Williams (Captain of the Under 14's) proposing a toast to 1st XV. Students returned to College and staff and guests adjourned to . . .

—P. Arnoldi



GLENALMOND & BRENTWOOD

Pre-game discussions had pointed to Brentwood having control up front and Glenalmond having more sophisticated backs. Unfortunately for us, it was our visitors who controlled the forward play and consequently had possession for most of the afternoon. Losing Gardiner just before half time, and Hughes a virtual passenger throughout, further complicated matters in the forwards. These facts are not intended to be in the form of alibis, for Glenalmond thoroughly deserved their victory, showing us fine displays of tight and loose scrummaging, handling, and running (particularly the 2 wingmen). The final score read 13-3 to Glenalmond, but the game was still in doubt until the last few minutes.

Only a stout defense would stop the precision of our visitors - this we saw from all the Brentwood team, with Davidson's tackling on the wing being nothing short of brilliant. However, we were gradually worn down as two tries in the last 10 minutes attest to this.

Dai Williams opened the scoring on a penalty some 35 yards out near the right touchline. The first half was fairly even, as Glenalmond continued to move the ball to their strong wing-

men, and Brentwood capitalized on their dropped passes, etc. and sensible use of the line. At the half the score was still 3-0 in Brentwood's favour, and excitement mounted on our parts as to whether without Gardiner we could hold on, and on their parts whether they were ever going to penetrate our defense.

For the first fifteen minutes of the second half we were still held in suspense, as the pattern of "quick heel-out to the wing" continued and likewise did our defence. A half break by their outside centre was enough to send him screaming for the corner for a very good try. An excellent kick from the touchline put them ahead 5-3. One wondered at this stage if there would now be a complete collapse, but on the contrary, it was Sawyer next in action who all but scored under their posts. Williams followed with a penalty that fell short—Sawyer again beat his man and was dragged down close to the line. Had we scored at this time, I feel the game would have been ours. However, the hard facts are that we did not, and in the closing stages they added two further well taken tries.

To lose 13-3 was certainly no disgrace, and although they taught us nothing new, they gave all present a splendid practical demonstration of good sensible rugby—their loose rucking probably being their strongest point. The Brentwood team must be congratulated for a very courageous defense, and it must have been a little disappointing for some of the backs not to have received more of the ball. Well done, Glenalmond, and perhaps next time it will be our turn.

Team: Hickman, Scarrow, Sawyer, Archer, Davidson, D. Williams (Captain), McCrindle, Hall, Monty, Gardiner, Hughes, R. Hindson, B. Williams, Arnoldi, Angus.



BASKETBALL – A biased opinion.

Although the basketball team did not have the same importance attached to it this year as it did in previous years, due to lack of practice time, the team put up a commendable performance at the Independent Schools Basketball Tournament. The team got off to a slow start by losing its first game of the tournament to University School by a very narrow one point. This unfortunate quirk of bad luck nullified the team's chances to win the trophy for the fourth year in a row.

But in their second game, the Brentwood squad showed their obvious dominance by defeating the fairly strong St. George's side by a convincing score of 86–64. This could have been due to the awakening of Dai Williams who, after being completely shut out by University School, came on strong to score twenty points against St. George's. At the end of the tournament Brentwood boys were acknowledged for their performances: Guard Jim Guthrie was awarded a position on the All-Star team, and Forwards Bruce Webster and Bell, received honourable mention.

The members of this year's team were:

MIKE HALL — Mike, a 5'8", was a little short for basketball, but what he lacked in size he made up for in speed, agility, and spirit.

MIKE McCLELLAND — A good forward who gave valuable assistance and should be one to watch next year.

CRAIG BELL — The only Junior on the team, showed his American training by having good basketball sense, and an extremely accurate shot.

DAI WILLIAMS — An extremely versatile player who was enjoying his position on the team. Dai has an excellent shot but tends to shoot from too far out occasionally.

RICK BRAMALL — A first string forward, who was a good rebounder and one of the highest scorers.

BRUCE WILLIAMS — Bruce was a good competitor who became a tower of strength on defense, and had excellent ball-handling capabilities.

ROB HINDSON — The tallest man on the squad, Rob could contrive the backboards when he was fired up. But he tended to miss many easy baskets.

BRUCE WEBSTER — This was Bruce's second year on the team and he always retained his ability to keep cool and sink baskets under pressure.

JIM GUTHRIE — First string guard and team captain who possessed an accurate jump shot. But Jim tended to check a little close in defense.



TRACK AND FIELD

With Track and Field on a voluntary basis for the first time this year, it was interesting to compare some end-of-year results with those of previous years. The record will show that Brentwood finished second in both the Mid-Island Championships and the Independant Schools Championships. (The latter for the fourth consecutive year.) In retrospect it would seem that the school was as well represented as in previous years and that several school records were either equalled or broken. However, without a tremendous effort and a great display of school spirit from the Seniors, we would have been badly beaten in both major championships. Add to these facts the great loyalty and dedication of a small band who kept the name of Track and Field alive, and you have the main reasons for a most successful year that culminated in our best ever Sports Day.

Outstanding performances during the season were 10'11" in the pole vault by Mike Hicks, a new school record of 5'9½" by D. Williams and respective javelin throws by these athletes 161'2"; a fine sprint double of 10.3 and 23.4 from Dean Sawyer in the Mid-Island; 16.4 in the 120 yard hurdles from

Rob Archer; 53.2 flat from McPherson, in the quarter; and an excellent run of 3:36.02 from the Mile Relay Squad of Braiden, Maltby, Williams and Guthrie in the Independants.

A special word of congratulations to Dean Sawyer, Phil Arnoldi, Alan McCrindle, Rick Bramall, Bill Watt, Jim Braiden, Mike Hicks and Scott McPherson who kept Track and Field going with their dedication while others had a more relaxing summer. An incredible school effort from the Seniors all but snatched the Cup in both Independant and Mid-Island Championships and despite losing to Shawnigan by the narrowest of margins in this section, their efforts were enough to ensure that for the second year running Brentwood were aggregate winners in the Independants.

Colours were awarded to Dean Sawyer and Mike Hicks

TRACK AND FIELD

BRENTWOOD TOP 10 – SENIORS

100 YARDS		220 YARDS		440 YARDS	
B. Greenhalgh	10.1	Greenhalgh	23.0	Mitchell	52.2
D. Sawyer	10.1	Sawyer	23.3	Scott-Moncrieff	52.4
Crowe	10.2	Crowe	23.5	Pottschmidt	52.6
Evans	10.3	Evans	23.8	D. Williams	52.7
D. Williams	10.4	Scott-Moncrieff	24.0	McPherson	53.2
Mitchell	10.5	Nixon	24.0	Killy	53.2
Scott-Moncrieff	10.6	Mitchell	24.1	Braiden	53.7
Killy	10.7	Pottschmidt	24.2	Martin, B.	54.0
Dahl	10.7	Killy	24.5	Crowe	54.0
Pottschmidt	10.7	Arnoldi, P.	24.7	Maltby	54.2
880 YARDS		1 MILE		2 MILES	
Rollins	2:02.6	O'Donnell	4:37.0	Whiffin	10:33.2
Killy	2:02.6	Howarth	4:49.0	Harkema	10:47.8
D. Williams	2:06.0	Harkema	4:49.0	Hindson	10:56.2
Braiden	2:07.3	Rollins	4:49.6	Howarth	11:08.0
O'Donnell	2:08.9	Whiffin	4:50.1	Owen	11:10.0
Whiffin	2:06.0	Lupton	4:57.2	Thompson	11:28.4
Harkema	2:09.0	Hindson, D.	4:58.3	K. Washington	12:00.3
Lupton	2:10.8	Killy	4:59.4	Johnsen	12:02.1
Howarth	2:12.2	Gregg	4:59.8	Pite	12:08.0
Guthrie	2:12.3	B. Williams	4:59.8	Ward	12:17.0

TRIPLE JUMP

Garbutt	41'9"
Dahl	40'9"
D. Williams	40'7"
Archer	39'7"
Morris	39'4½"
R. Hindson	39'2"
Sturdy	38'8½"
Greenhalgh	37'11"
Arnoldi	37'10"
Hutchings	37'8"

LONG JUMP

Garbutt	20'5"
Williams	19'6½"
Archer	19'6"
Dahl	19'4½"
Morris	19'3½"
Hayes	18'6"
Fuller	18'6"
Day	18'6"
Maltby	18'6"
Sawyer	18'6"

SHOT

Dahl	45'6"
Pybus	44'2"
Haddrell	43'8"
Garbutt	41'3"
R. Hindson	40'3"
Milner	40'2"
D. Watt	39'9"
Hughes	39'0"
Clarke	38'7"
Sevensma	37'8"

POLE VAULT

Hicks	10'10½"
Watt	10'3"
Ragsdale	10'0"
Dobson	9'9"
Day	9'9"
Archer	9'9"
Carruthers	9'9"
Graham	9'6"
Howarth	9'6"
Massen	9'6"

DISCUS

Carlsen	134'6"
Clarke	130'10"
Graham, M.	128'7"
Sevensma	125'6"
Dahl	121'6"
Garbutt	120'4"
Naphtali	115'8"
Evans	115'6"
Martin	115'2"
Hindson	107'2"

JAVELIN

Dahl	172'0"
Williams	161'2"
Kirby	155'4"
R. Bramall	153'6"
McCrindle	142'10"
Hobbs	135'2"
Sawyer	129'7"
Garbutt	120'4"
Hindson	120'3"
Morkill	119'5"

HIGH JUMP

Williams	5'9½"
Dahl	5'8½"
R. Bramall	5'8½"
Martin	5'8"
Lamb	5'8"
Mitchell	5'6"
Sisley	5'6"
Oglesby	5'5"
Ragsdale	5'5"
Weinstein	5'3½"

120 YARDS HURDLES

Dahl	15.8
Archer	16.4
Williams	16.5
Sturdy	16.7
Carruthers	17.2
Spankie	17.4
Howarth	17.9
Hutchins	18.0
Maltby	18.0

4 x 110 Yds—1965 Team
45.6

4 x 440 Yds—1965 Team
3:34.5

CROSS COUNTRY 1967—68

Again this year our Cross Country teams were converted rugby players, and again despite specific training the College gave many creditable performances.

Perhaps the most successful team was the Midget one, which carried off the Mid-Island Championships in a most con-

vincing manner. In the same meet both Junior and Senior teams finished in second place, the Juniors in particular failed narrowly to beat the highly tuned Woodlands School from Nanaimo.

In the Independent Schools Championship at Vancouver, a series of unfortunate accidents cost us dearly. Two runners were forced to retire with sprained ankles and two other runners were well and truly "lost in the woods".

David Hindson won the School Championship in the Senior Section and Doug Shipley the Junior Section. In the Midget Section none performed better than Brian Wood and Charlie Ewing. To all who represented the School a special word of congratulations for their efforts.

Midgets — B. Wood, B. Janes, C. Ewing, G. Stamatis, R. Williams, J. Hastings.

Juniors — D. Shipley, K. Ward, D. Gowans, J. Cotter, R. Banhart, M. Jarman, R. Johnson.

Seniors — D. Hindson, R. Moncrieff, B. Williams, L. Bakos, A. Wilson, D. Williams, D. Sawyer, W. Lewis.



Top: L to R: Jerry Chellin, Kent Ward, Brian Hawsworth, Charlie Ewing, Merv Winters, Dana Herberts, Mike Jarmon, Norman Cressey, Lorne Johanson, Randy Nimmons, John Gray, Phil Ross, Bob Barnhart, David McIlveen, Doug Swanson, Doug Shipley, John Rook.

TRACK AND FIELD 1967-68

JUNIOR AND MIDGET DIVISIONS

This year for the first time, boys were able to choose their own summer sport. It was, therefore, both surprising and extremely heartening to find so many Juniors and Midgets electing to do Track and Field rather than some less energetic activity. They are all to be congratulated for the enthusiasm with which they tackled their training programmes, for the high standard of performance that they attained, and for the successes they achieved in competition. Both Mr. Burrows and I feel that if this enthusiasm for the sport and willingness to work continues, the future of track in this school is in good hands.

After trips to Nanaimo (for a beginning of season meet with Nanaimo and Shawnigan) and to Vancouver (for the High School Relays), in which valuable competitive experience was

gained, both teams faced their first big meet in the Central Vancouver Island Schools Track Meet at Cowichan Senior Secondary School in Duncan. Although we did not come out the over all winner in either of the two divisions due primarily to our lack of girls, both teams performed well, with some fine individual performances from Juniors Doug Swanson (2nd in 100 yds. and 220 yds., 3rd in the shot) and Bob Barnhart (1st in the High Jump) and Midgets Brian Hawksworth (2nd in the 440 yds., 3rd in 100 yds., and 220 yds.) and Charlie Ewing (1st in the 880 yds.).

The high point of our season is always the B. C. Independent Schools Championship, this year held at Shawnigan. On a day in which fine efforts were commonplace, as almost every member of the Junior team came up with personal bests in their events, outstanding performances were achieved by Bob Barnhart (1st in the High Jump with a record breaking leap of 5'6" and also 1st in the 120 yds. Hurdles), Doug Swanson (1st in the 100 yds. in 10.6 and 1st in the 220 yds. in 24.1, also a record), Philip Ross (1st in the 440 yds.), Doug Shipley (1st in the 880 yds. and 2nd in the Mile), Lorne Johanson (1st in the Pole Vault), David McIlveen (1st in the Discus) and also a team first in both the 4 x 100 yds. and 4 x 440 yds. Relays. It was not surprising in view of all these fine performances that we emerged convincing winners of the Junior Meet.

· B. C. INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS JUNIOR MEET RESULTS

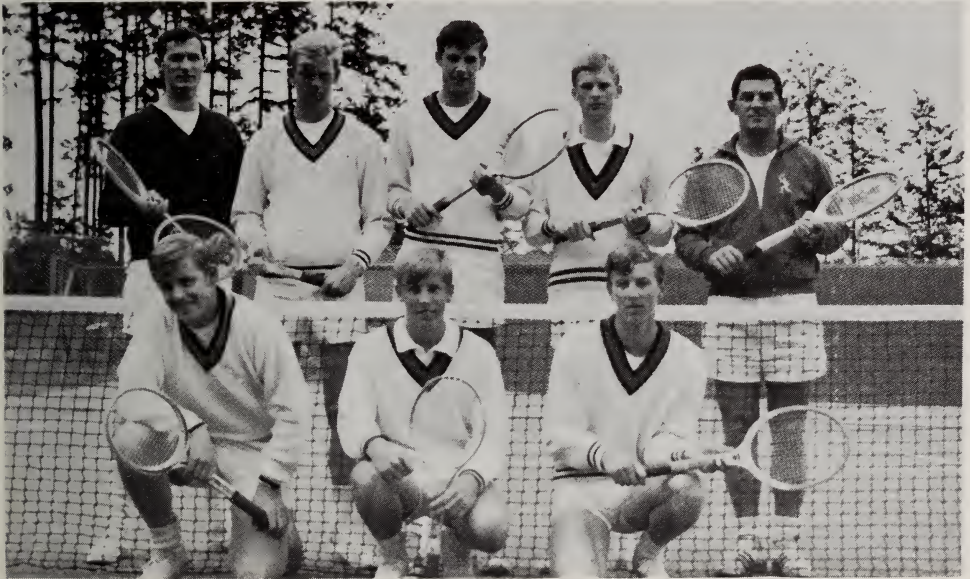
1. Brentwood	120 points
2. Shawnigan	82 points
3. University School	61 points
4. St. George's	53 points

It was a great season, and our thanks to all who made it so, especially David McIlveen, the Junior Team Captain, and Brian Hawksworth, the Midget Team Captain, who both set a fine example and were the outstanding all round athletes in their division. Lastly a final, special word of congratulation to Bob Barnhart, who, on Sports Day, beat the B. C. Intermediate High Jump Record with a jump of 5'9½". Well done!

—N.R.B.P. and J.B.

TENNIS

This year tennis proved to be the most popular choice on the summer games program with a total of sixty-eight boys participating as full members. Our four courts were in such constant use that eventually it was found necessary to convert the gymnasium into an indoor court. With this remarkable upsurge of interest in tennis, the promise of improved and expanded facilities is most welcome.



SENIOR

Senior Tennis was coached jointly by Mr. Rees and Mr. C. Ross, with Mr. Rees training the tennis team. Although wet weather was a constant source of frustration this spring, the team performed well, losing only one match and placing second in the Independent Schools Tennis Tournament. Those boys who represented the school on a regular basis were: D'Arcy Boulton, (Captain), Bruce Webster, Jerry Chellin, Bruce Williams, Bill Winterton, Don Wood, and Dai Williams. Our special congratulations to Bruce Webster who earned his tennis colours this year.

The school tennis tournament was open to all boys and attracted a large entry from inside and outside the tennis group. Bruce Webster won the Senior singles over D'Arcy Boulton and Bruce and D'Arcy teamed up to win the doubles cup over Jerry Chellin and Bill Winterton. Mr. Rees and myself would like to thank all those who participated for their efforts and co-operation.



JUNIOR

Coaching duties of the Junior tennis were again shared by Mr. Rees and Mr. C. Ross with Mr. Ross training the Junior team. Although it was very difficult to find matches, Brentwood won the three we were able to play with Cliffside School. The Junior team consisted of Jay Barrie, Don Wood, Stephen Bramall, Roland Wood, Craig Bell, Norman Cressey, Keith Wood, Greg Stamatis, Ken Boyd and Tony Marshall.

As with the Seniors, a very large and enthusiastic entry was made for the Junior tournament. The Junior singles cup was won by Jay Barrie over Don Wood and Don and Jay won the doubles cup over a very spirited pair, Terry Bramall and John Fuller. It is obvious that there is a lot of talent at the Junior level which is very promising for the future.

—C.M.R.



ROWING CLUB

This was another successful season for rowing. The general standard of crew rowing and sculling improved immeasurably and the competition of having four eights rowing regularly was beneficial to our results at regattas. This improvement was best demonstrated by the crews that were assembled at a moment's notice before the Shawnigan regatta. Much to the surprise of the crew and even more so to the coach, they gave a very creditable performance and were well placed in the final standings.

The season was shorter this year than the ideal requirement for training the technique and stamina needed but the desire of the majority of the crew to make each practice an exercise in perfection, went far to overcome this obstacle. The lightweight crew were plagued with changes due to illness but stoically bore the presence of many novices who filled the gap. The novice crew as a result was subject to such changes that a good performance could not be expected. However, the performance they gave in both fours and eights were far from disgraceful.

Special mention must be made to the first eight who this year carried home the junior eights trophy from Shawnigan Lake regatta. They rowed an inspired race, ably stroked by

Alan Wilson and by the 1000 mark the issue was no longer in doubt. Another excellent performance was also given by the lightweight four without cox, which on two occasions this year was narrowly defeated in very exciting finishes. It would seem that if they had improved their starting technique they would most certainly have been successful. Finally in the sculling events Joel Cotter continued to make his presence felt and has had the unique distinction of being placed both second and third at Shownigan regatta.

To summarize, I feel that the increased numbers involved in all aspects of the sport, four eights, six fours and 16 scullers, has contributed to the success and enjoyment of the sport. I would like also to congratulate the twenty four crews who entered the inter form contest, a competition which was marked by not a little skill and the hilarious sight of the 102 crew who having just been defeated in the final race, overturned their shell in one "efficient" stroke.

The team representatives were:

First VIII — Richmond, Milligan, Baker, Schmidt, Hindson, R., Hughes, Hickman, Wilson, Str., J. Davis, cox.

Lightweight: Scarrow, Benmore, Harris, D. Hindson, Moncrieff, Lewis, Cotter, McKinnon, Str., S. Cooke, cox.

Novice: Gourlay, Caviness, Richardson, Heffelfinger, Southam, Seed, McClellan, Cupples, Str., T. Davis, cox.

Winner of inter form fours, A. division. 12 S
Richardson, Hughes, Hickman, Wilson.

Winner of inter form fours, B. division. 10
Rook, Chellin, Wood, Milligan.

Sculling trophy — J. Cotter.

SAILING

Activities began early this year when six of our boys travelled to Esquimalt to meet the UVIC sailing club. It was a windy March afternoon—so windy in fact that only the stout-hearted insistence of Mr. duTemple prevented the committee from cancelling the races. Our boys performed nobly in spite of rather difficult conditions, not the least of which was the presence of female crews in the opposing boats. Valuable experience was gained and the numbing wind failed to cool the spirits of the boys.

The preparation of the boats this year was a relatively simple matter and by mid-April, when Glenlyon came to race, we had done considerable training. We were again favoured with good winds and it was in this series of races that Chettleburgh began to show his prowess while the old salts from last year upheld their reputations. We were less successful later in the term when we went to Glenlyon for a return match. Home waters seem to bring out the best in our boys!

Early in May we were successful in defending our possession of the Brentwood Cup against Shawnigan Lake School. On this occasion we took three firsts—two by Destrube and one by deRoos. A superb tea was enjoyed by the crews and their guests while the Brentwood Band produced enjoyable noises for their further entertainment. It was a pleasant afternoon and no one was more pleased than the Headmaster when the Brentwood Cup was retained by us for the fourth consecutive year.

Late in May the Destrube/Chettleburgh and deRoos Robertson teams travelled to Vancouver to compete in a three-school meet. Through the interest and efforts of one of the St. George's parents the facilities of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club were made available to the St. George's, Shawnigan Lake, and Brentwood sailing clubs. The first race was held in pouring rain and our two boats placed first and eighth—of eight boats. Two more races were held the following Sunday morning. The gentlest of winds—with periods of flat calm—gave the Shawnigan Lake boys a chance to display their undisputed skill. We placed reasonably well in both races but unfortunately one of our boats was disqualified. The Shawnigan Lake club won the series comfortably and their name was added to our own on the plaque.

Inter-form sailing was won by Chettleburgh/Saffel of IX-1. Close contenders were Groos/Gourlay of X-1 and Areher/Carruthers of Grade XII. Lady luck is alleged to play a great part in these races—the form drawing the yellow boat being placed at a distinct psychological disadvantage. We really must attempt to eliminate the luck factor next year.

On the whole I think we have had a most successful season—one in which we have tried to stress participation rather than competition. We have some promising young sailors in grades eight and nine and several veterans in the upper grades. Mr. duTemple and I would like to thank especially those boys who undertook the training of the younger ones, the maintenance of the boats and the organization of the inter-form racing, for their part in the season's activities.

—H.B.

SPORTS TROPHY AWARDS

RUGBY

B. C. High Schools Championship	Brentwood 1st XV
Island High Schools Thompson Cup (2nd year)...	Brentwood 1st XV
Independent Schools Cup (2nd year)	Brentwood 1st XV
Mid Island Schools Cup (4th year)	Brentwood 1st XV
Cooke Trophy	D. Williams
Mitchell Place Kicking Cup	M. Hall
Lloyd Williams Colts Cup	
(Brentwood v Shawnigan)	Brentwood Colts
Lloyd Williams Junior Colts Cup	
(Brentwood v Shawnigan)	Brentwood Junior Colts

SAILING

Brentwood Cup	Brentwood
(Annual Match Brentwood v Shawnigan)	(4th Year)
Hope Challenge Cup	Grade 9(1)

TRACK AND FIELD

Independent Schools Championships	
Aggregate Winners	Brentwood
Junior Independent Cup	Brentwood
100 Yards, Junior Cup	B. Hawkesworth
100 Yards, Middle Cup	D. Swanson
100 Yards, Senior Cup	D. Sawyer
220 Yards, Middle Cup	D. McIlveen
220 Yards, Senior Cup	D. Sawyer
440 Yards, Middle Cup	M. Jarman
440 Yards, Senior Cup	S. McPherson
880 Yards, Senior	J. Braiden
1 Mile Senior	D. Hindson
2 Mile Senior	K. Ward
High Jump Senior	D. Williams
Long Jump Senior	D. Williams
Triple Jump Senior	D. Williams
Shot Senior	R. Hindson
Discus Senior	R. Hindson
Pole Vault Senior	M. Hicks
Victor Ludorum Junior	B. Hawkesworth
Victor Ludorum Middle	D. McIlveen
Victor Ludorum Senior	D. Williams
Outstanding Field Events	D. Williams
120 Yards, Hurdles	R. Archer
Inter-Form Challenge Cup	Grade 9(2)

TENNIS

McSwain Cup (Senior Doubles)	B. Webster/D. Boulton
Porter Cup (Runners-up)	B. Winterton/G. Chellin
Leeder Cup (Senior Singles)	B. Webster
Angus Cup (Junior Singles)	J. Barrie
Porter Cup (Junior Doubles)	J. Barrie/D. Wood
Inter-Form	Grade 9(1)

ROWING

Junior Varsity Trophy	Brentwood
(Shawnigan Regatta)	
Sculling Cup	J. Cotter

CROSS COUNTRY

Mid Island Midget Champions	Brentwood
Senior Individual Cup	D. Hindson
Junior Individual Cup	D. Shipley

BADMINTON

Orr Senior Singles Cup	P. Harris
Junior Singles Cup	S. Bramall

RUGBY 7's

Burrows/Rees Cup	Grade 12(A)
Ford/Prowse Cup	Grade 10(1)
Ross/Ross Cup	Grade 9(2)

INTER-FORM SPORTS COMPETITION

One of the successes of the year has been the inter-form sports competition. From the first soccer tournament in the Fall, it was obvious that the students had been caught up in the spirit of the cup, and that each successive event was to be keenly contested.

A scoring system was devised that catered to mass participation on the part of the form—and it proved that this yardstick was indeed the formula that enabled Grade 9(1) to become the eventual winners. Some of the senior grades disappointed, as they left their efforts to a handful of individuals; however, the lesson has been learned and next year will perhaps see some different scores. Thanks to the students for their tremendous enthusiasm, and to the many staff members who gave great support to the venture.

—A.R.

POINTS SYSTEM

1 st = 6 pts.

2 nd = 4 pts.

3 rd = 3 pts.

4 th = 2 pts.

	SOCER	X-COUNTRY	VOLLEYBALL	BASKETBALL	TRACK & FIELD	RUGBY 7's	TENNIS	SAILING	ROWING	BADMINTON
VIII	4	4	6	2½	3	3	—	—	6	—
IX-1	6	3	4	5	4	7	5	6	4	11
IX-2	3	6	3	2½	6	6	—	—	3	—
X-1	2½	3	4	5	4	8	4	2	3	4
X-2	4	6	—	2½	3	4	6	3	6	—
XI-1	—	—	6	4	—	4½	—	—	2	—
XI-2	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	4
XI-3	6	1	—	—	—	1½	—	—	—	8½
XII-A	—	4	2½	6	6	6	15	4	—	—
XII-S	2½	1	2½	2½	2	1	—	—	4	2½

SOFTBALL

Most of the great American public follow with bated breath the fortunes of the teams in the World Series, but in Mill Bay interest is centred on much more important series—that between the Brentwood College Softball Club and the Mill Bay Volunteer Fire Department.

Each Thursday night, a huge crowd gathered to witness the games, and as neither team managed to gain two victories in succession, each meeting was a needle match.

The Fire Department won the first game 41—37, but after that the College team sharpened up their in-fielding and won 28—26, thus avoiding the necessity of putting into operation Plan B. (Plan B arranged for the ringing of the fire alarm should the firemen be winning too comfortably).

After that the scores were:

Mill Bay 27	Brentwood 14
Mill Bay 8	Brentwood 17
Mill Bay 6	Brentwood 28

Much to the credit for the improvement in standard throughout the term must go to Forbes and Hall. Forbes, the captain, fulfilled splendidly his responsibilities of selecting the team and of organizing the equipment, and Hall pitched very intelligently.

Thanks must also be expressed to Mr. Peters of the Fire Department, who gave of his time to umpire, Mr. Finnegan for his advice from 3rd base, and our two charming scorers, Mrs. Trousdell and Dave Anderson.

Other members of the Softball Club are Davidson, Taylor, Patenaude, Stolberg, Mackenzie, (S), Higgins, Alexander, Mc Innis, Van derStraeten, Challenger, Word, Milroy, Clarke, P., Neve, Collinge.

Guest players included Dai Williams, Guthrie, Archer, M. Bramall, Rick Bramall, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. C. Ross and Mr. Ford.



BADMINTON

Badminton has increased in popularity in Canada over the past few years. It is a sport which requires both skill and fitness and one which can be played with enjoyment all through life.

The first year of badminton in Brentwood was very successful considering that nearly the whole club at the beginning of the season knew little about the game. As the year progressed the boys made great improvements and this was quite obvious from the results of the competitions we entered.

The boys in the group were:

Junior
 Gourlay, J. (Captain)
 Niven, R.
 Gildemeester, S.
 Evans, C.
 Butterfield, C.
 Stamatis, G.
 Villedsen, F.
 Collinge, G.
 Percheson, J.
 Anderson, S.
 Reith, R.

Senior
 Spoor, R. (Captain)
 Seed, W.
 Richardson, K.
 Anthony, B.
 Forbes, R.
 Velie, D.
 deRoos, T.
 Moodie, P.
 Kirkpatrick, B.

During the year the boys took part in a number of events, our first one being the Saanich Junior Championships at Brentwood Community Hall on November 16–19. From the tournament we gained valuable experience and experienced at first hand the high standard of competition we were going to have to face. Our next tournament was the Cowichan Lake Inter-Club Tournament on December 2. The whole group attended in company with members from the Strathcona Lodge Girls School Badminton Club, with whom we had a very warm and fruitful co-operation throughout the year. On February 10 we went back to Lake Cowichan for the Mid-Island Championships. All the boys showed a marked improvement and John Gourlay was outstanding in the Junior Boys Singles, where he reached the finals and was beaten in a very close game. The last tournament of the year was the Vancouver Island Junior Championships held at Nanaimo on March 8–10. In this tournament Stamatis, Gildemeester, Spoor, Seed, Forbes and Anthony represented the school and did very well considering the extremely tough competition from other much larger schools, where badminton is the priority sport. Both Spoor and Seed reached the semi-finals of the B-Section Boys Singles. To bring the season to a close the Club went to the Canadian Badminton Championships in Victoria on March 28 where we watched some of the worlds top competitors play.

Though we were not quite at full strength at all times because several of our good players were involved in other sports, we were still very successful in the years activities. Next year we hope to do much better and to host a tournament at the school.

—Robert Spoor
(Captain)

I would add to this summary of the clubs activities that my duties as coach in this first year of badminton at the school have been lightened by the enthusiastic attitude of all members of the club. Many of them are experiencing for the first time the pleasure to be gained in playing a sport well. I am looking forward to next year's tournaments and matches with confidence, knowing that I can count on this year's group to form a nucleus of competent players.

A final word of thanks to my Senior Captain, Bob Spoor, who has led and encouraged the team very well indeed and to my Junior Captain, John Gourlay, who has set a fine example to the younger players, and who is the recipient of the first Junior Pin for badminton to be awarded in the school.

—R.O.



FLYING CLUB 1967-68

The flying Club has enjoyed another busy and productive year. We were, however, plagued by frustration resulting from one of the poorest springs on record insofar as weather was concerned.

In all, we had 31 flyers, 16 of whom were students on course. The remainder were licenced pilots who flew on a more casual basis. Several of the latter received training on floats. Again, conditions for float training were also generally terrible. In the end, however, we totalled about 600 flying hours.

11 students have completed their courses and will be receiving their licences very shortly. Some started late in the year and will complete their courses next fall.

A few more statistics may be of interest to note. Since the flying programme was initiated three years ago, 30 have qualified for Private Licences; a total of 41 have flown solo, some being unable to complete their courses with the school; 5 have become licenced on seaplanes; 15 have been checked out in the Cessna 172 (a four-place aircraft); 1 has received his multi-engine endorsement; and the sum total of flying hours is 1500.

In conjunction with our ground training this year, there was some extra activity to break the drudgery of regular ground

school classes. Early in the new year, the club made a visit to Canadian Pacific Airlines and the Vancouver International Airport. Besides a complete tour of the airline's operation, there was also opportunity to visit several other locations on the airport such as Air Traffic Control and the Weather Forecasting Center. There were also some interesting guest lecturers: Group Captain A. M. Jardine, an outstanding authority on air-cushion vehicles (hovercraft) stimulated tremendous interest on this topic—so much so, that we are now considering building a hovercraft at the school; Mr. Alan McQuarrie, Victoria's weather-man, certainly enlightened our understanding of meteorology; Major F. Stevens of Comox Air Station, and an expert on air-sea rescue, was able to dampen, I am sure, any trace of overconfidence that any of us might have had. Finally, and definitely not least, Group Captain Jardine was good enough to offer a thorough course in basic navigation—much to everyone's benefit. It is indeed hoped that we may have the benefit of his services next year also.

Six scholarships, each of \$50, were offered this year. These went to Neil Peters, Ken Black, John Hill, Jack Patriarche, Jim Witton, and Michael Richmond. These are given each year by Victoria Flying Services, Paulin Travel Service and private individuals. It is hoped that, in future, it will be possible to find more sponsors so that this number can be increased.

Flying Club crests were available to all qualified pilots for wear on blazers for the first time this year. I think everyone would agree that this is the smartest of all Brentwood crests. It was designed by Harry Maltby. Flying Club lapel pins have proven popular with all flyers. As usual, solo certificates were presented to all soloists.

As to be expected, we have had our moments of embarrassment, despair, amusement and joy. However, I think it can be said that along with all the hard work there has been a lot of fun, the height of which was marked by the flypast during Graduation Ceremonies. This year, ten aircraft took part. I understand that we can look forward to a summary of the whole event in one of the future issues of Canadian Wings Magazine.

This report would not be complete without special mention of the hard-working officers of the club. D'Arcy Boulton, President; Harry Maltby, Vice-President; and David Hindson, Secretary. Their efforts were greatly appreciated. The tremendous co-operation received from all members was also most gratifying.

—R.G.N.

BRENTWOOD COLLEGE FLYING CLUB

(EXTRACT FROM CANADIAN WINGS)

Graduations are milestones in young men's lives, add a fly past by students of the school at the graduation ceremonies, and the occasion can be rated unique. On the 22nd June at Brentwood College on Vancouver Island 207 boys, their parents and friends were pleased to hear from the Headmaster, Mr. D.D. Mackenzie that the College Flying Club of 31 members continues active. To prove the point, during his address 10 aircraft piloted by Brentwood Collegers flew over the people gathered to see sons and friends receive their diplomas and awards. Mr. Mackenzie, a former Royal Canadian Navy Pilot and now private pilot remarked, somewhat wryly "Full marks to the club members for their flying effort, but their timing leaves a little to be desired!"

The Club Chief Flying and Ground Instructor is Mr. Richard Nash, the College biology teacher. All the ground school and flying is done out of normal school hours. Flying training is done at the Victoria International Airport only a few miles by water from the College. Victoria Flying Services provide the aircraft.

Fifteen Brentwood College Flying Club members have their private pilot's license, and additional sixteen members have been in training and will continue next term. During the year they achieved 600 hours flying time. The club started in the 1965/66 school term, since then 30 college students have qualified as flyers.

In addition to the normal ground school subjects the club members attend talks by authorities on all aspects of aviation and they go on tours of aviation plants and facilities.

I wonder how many private schools in Canada can claim a flying club as part of their organization? Great credit is due the Headmaster and those who support the College for including aviation as a major activity of Brentwood College.

CAREERS NIGHT

In the spring term of this year Brentwood College had its fourth annual careers night. This event was attended by all boys in Grades XI and XII. The careers represented were:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Aeronautics | — by Mr. Maine |
| 2. Law | — by Mr. J. Wood |
| 3. Architecture | — by Mr. Warner |
| 4. Psychology | — by Dr. Thomas |
| 5. Computer Science | — by Mr. Russell |
| 6. Forestry | — by Dr. G. Nagal |
| 7. Foreign Affairs | — by Miss MacMillian |
| 8. Criminology | — by Corporal Mantik |
| 9. Armed Forces; | — by Lt. Packenham |
| 10. Marine Biology | — by Mr. H. Smith |
| 11. Teacher | — by Dr. Ray |

Some of the more popular careers were: law, psychology, criminology, marine biology and foreign affairs. Each lecture was forty minutes in duration and many had two sessions. After the last session boys and speakers discussed the careers and had tea in the dining hall. This event in past years has proven very successful in Brentwood and this year was no exception. We extend our thanks to Mr. W. Ross and the other members of staff who helped to make this evening possible.

Bob Spoor
Len Johnson

SCIENCE AND HUMANITIES SYMPOSIUM

University of Victoria

Following upon the unqualified success of last year's venture, the University of Victoria, sponsored by the I.B.M. Corporation, announced plans to repeat its Symposium of High School work on the week-end of April 19-20, 1968.

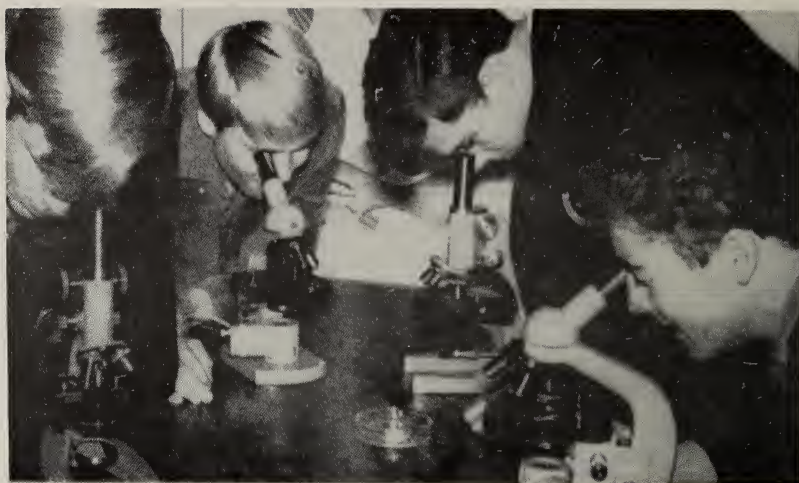
Six senior Brentwood students submitted papers ranging through creative verse, critical essays and in one case, a very strange one-act play. Three of these, William Watt (Grade 12), David Mackenzie (Grade 11), and Chris. Butterfield (Grade 11) were honoured with an invitation to participate in the week-end events, though none was asked in the role of 'speaker', as was Robert Leaf last year.

Two of the poems submitted by William Watt, *A Day, A Year, A Lifetime* and *Coffee Bar* are included in the Literary Section of this Brentonian. But modesty (not to mention 'censorship') prohibits the inclusion of the play written and tape-recorded by Messrs. Mackenzie and Butterfield. Sufficient to say that its chief, and almost its sole character was an elderly gentleman whose bathroom habits seemed to be entirely regulated by the sounding of cathedral bells, combined functions which I gather led to great dismay amongst the students whilst tape-recording, and even greater hilarity amongst the University faculty whilst adjudicating.

Throughout each day and evening the students heard and discussed pilot lectures given by visiting professors in both the Science and Humanities fields. Small group sessions were also organised for students to present and discuss the papers submitted by their fellows. Additionally, visits were kindly arranged by the University to various centres of educational interest, both on and off campus.

Each of our students spoke highly of the stimulation and benefit of such a week-end, where, whilst getting a pre-view of university life, he could also freely experience an interchange of ideas with people of his own age from other parts of the province. Indeed, our two Grade 11 delegates were so thrilled that they are already planning their entries for 1969.

-T.G.B.



SCIENCE CLUB

At the end of the first term, in a flurry of club and society forming, emerged the Science Club. The director and coordinator of the club, Mr. W. Ross, remarked in his opening comments, "It is about time we rescue those who are about to fall into the hands of the Arts." On this light note, the Club set out on its declining course. The eagerness of the group that first came to Mr. Ross was dimmed to almost nothing by the fact that all had to produce a project on a topic of their choice. It seems a shame that films, lectures, even trips to Seattle and Science Fairs could not even raise the interest level above a very temporary glimmer.

In one instance the Club did achieve a good degree of esteem in the College. By organizing a massive raffle for the financial benefit of the Pool Fund, the Club's merit shone through. Nearly \$2500 was raised by this raffle ticket sale. Truly a great effort for a Club so small and poorly supported by its members.

Perhaps next year, with a different approach and technique Mr. Ross will not go through the harrassing disappointment of this year's Science Club.

—J. M. Britton.

LIBRARY CLUB

The Library Club got off to a good start with the painting of chairs and tables at our first meeting. This was the first of thirty meetings in which we did a lot of work and had a lot of fun.

We completely re-organized the fiction section, repairing one hundred and twenty-five books, moving the shelves to a more accessible and convenient area, shuffled and organized an estimated two thousand, two hundred books. We are able to report that all of the books are allotted to their proper places.

In the non-fiction area a long overdue change over to the Dewey decimal system was started. By now five hundred books, or a quarter of the section have been numbered. However, all the non-fiction books are properly organized on their shelves which is quite an achievement in itself. Through the generosity and kindness of the late Mr. C. H. Pitts we procured, in bound form all the National Geographic Magazines since 1913. Already they have proven to be popular and useful in research on many topics.

A book drive was held during the summer term, through which we got about sixty books. We did not plan on it being very big, mainly because we felt that students, parents and donors had already contributed enough to the very successful swimming pool project. The library was painted during this year and educational and interesting posters were put on the walls.

The club, throughout the year was never very formal. Members could miss a session any time they wished. Many came for a couple of meetings a month. This was one of the strong points of the group. We did meet once a week regularly though, and there was a nucleus of boys who always came. Special thanks and acknowledgement are due to Mr. Martin for his work in the library and with the club. It was a successful club.

A BIOLOGY LECTURE

This spring we were fortunate to have as a guest lecturer Dr. G. Clifford Carl, curator of the B. C. Provincial Museum. He delivered an informative and at the same time entertaining lecture on marine biology, particularly that of the tidal zone. Dr. Carl showed a movie to accompany his lecture, and afterwards there was a lively question period. I am certain we would all welcome an opportunity to hear another of his lectures, for he has the gift of readily explaining his subjects to the layman.

—R. Reith.

BRENTWOOD CONCERT

HERE AND THERE

The annual concert put on by the boys and staff was very different from previous ones, it was a review this year, much different from other years.

The show started late but this was all part of the plan set out by Mr. Ford, this was the start of the opening chaos. Where people come on the stage as if they have forgotten it is time for the show. Comox, was a rather short but very good performance done by Mr. Orr, Mr. C. Ross, and Mr. Rees.

This year, just as last, Chris Butterfield and Peter McFarland did a superb job on "Wishing She Were Here!"

"East Side Lady" was portrayed very well by the masters, Messrs. Prowse, C. Ross, Rees and the two professors, Mr. Pope and Mr. Orr.

"When You're In Love" was done very well by some very talented girls from Duncan and a selection of boys from the school.

"In The News" was portrayed excellently by a few of the boys, especially Gordon Southern, who did his topless waitress part with extremely good emphasis.

The rest of the concert was done with the utmost energy. The grand finale, was put forward with the singing roaring from the boys, which sent the audience home with smiles.

Back Stage:

Fine work was done by the stage crew under the supervision of Mr. Prowse and all other boys who helped make the show ready. There was a very large amount of excitement and tension in the boys who were waiting for their acts to go on. This was soon left behind in a game of cards or a good book. Mr. Pope while waiting to go on supplied the cast with two cases of pop and the staff members were given coffee. The concert was over and after the contributions for the swimming pool were counted there came a clean up on a very large scale. As a reward for their efforts the staff and the student cast held a dance. This turned out to be a great success also. It was a very good year for the boys and the staff who participated in this year's concert. And a thank you to Mr. Ford for his very good job in putting the concert on the road.

—John Percheson.

A DRUG DISCUSSION

In keeping with his policy of having the school informed on the major issues of today, Mr. Mackenzie invited a well-known Victoria psychiatrist, Dr. Alcorn, to talk to the senior school on the subject of drugs in our society today.

Dr. Alcorn gave an in-depth report on the nation's drug scene, and what science has learned about its effects on those who use them. In dealing with each drug in turn, he put LSD at the top of the psychedelic ladder and marijuana at the bottom. However, he explained that marijuana is the starting point in a long line. He said that the majority of heroin and mescaline users had begun their drug spree by smoking a marijuana cigarette. Describing some addicts he had seen, he said, "Their lives are ruined at 19 or 20."

The fact of illegality has bred a cultishness, a drug underground whose members convene in dark rooms, to pass their criminal pleasure from hand to nervous hand. So the young mind is most attracted to the unknown, they are the ones who meet the pusher in his dark lair.

Dr. Alcorn brought the unknown into the light, stressing the danger of those who deal in the dark rooms, and also of those who enter them with the idea that "I'll only do it once."

Everyone agreed that the lecture was an excellent idea, giving the real story with a view of safety for others.

—R. R.

POETRY SPEAKING COMPETITION

A new venture, competitive verse-speaking, was this year organised by the English Department primarily as a reinforcement and strengthening of the oral aspect of our English classes. At first the student body received the idea somewhat quizzically, but as competition progressed enthusiasm and interest grew until the final round was performed at nothing short of 'fever-pitch'.

Participation in Round One was mandatory for all students, but at least the securities of the classroom, with classmates as audience and English teacher as judge were offered. Choice of poem at this stage was free, and thankfully most choices were wise ones well within the comprehension and articulation range of the student.

At a Department meeting 30 students were then named to proceed into the Second Round, where again choice of poem was free but judging was performed by the Head of the English Department. Selection of the 10 finalists became very difficult, for some readers, several with the benefit of dramatic experience were presenting poems obviously much admired and treasured personally.

Eventually the finalists were named, as was the identity of the final judge, Mrs. Gloria Peyton of Victoria, a lady of considerable knowledge and wide experience in both Theatre and Speech Arts. Each finalist presented a prepared poem, this time not of his own choice, followed by a sight-reading of a poem common to all ten but seen only two minutes before presentation. Marking was made on a 25 point scale, 5 points for each of Accuracy, Knowledge of the Sense, Attention to Pace and Rhythm, Quality of Diction and Quality of Expression.

The evening of the Finals was a most exciting and educational one, particularly the group discussion and criticism held informally by Mrs. Peyton afterwards. Kindly, but firmly, she pointed out to each student his achievements and shortcomings, but left the winners to be named on Speech Day.

And so a new award comes into existence, The MacInnes Award for Poetry Speaking, and its first winner, a very worthy Grade XI student, Peter McFarland, was named for a finely balanced and intelligent presentation of T. S. Elliot's *Journey of the Magi*. Second place went to Geoffrey Bowes, also of Grade XI, for a most understated reading of *South Street* by Conrad Aiken, and third place to a Grade XII student, Joe Milner, for a very strong, almost heroic presentation of Dylan Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle into that Good-Night*.

Our congratulations are offered not only to round-winners and finalists, but also to the entire student body who quickly entered into the spirit of this new venture and proved, in some cases to their own surprise, that poetry is first and foremost a vocal art.

— T.G.B.

OLIVER

There was a great turnout at the Shawnigan Lake School play "Oliver", made into a musical version. It is basically the same story as written by Charles Dickens—"Oliver Twist",

Many ravishing beauties from Queen Margaret's School

helped to brighten the audience on stage and off. There was a large cast which included a small orchestra which blended their music in with the play very well. A number of songs were sung by the well-rehearsed cast, both happy and sad, but very enjoyable. The play started with some twenty orphan boys in tattered clothing and bare feet singing "Food, Glorious Food", after which they all sat down to eat gruel.

Finally one boy (Oliver), stood up and walked to the inn-keeper and also headmaster of the orphanage, and in a low muttered tone said, "Please sir, could I have some more?"—after which he was quickly rushed to the house of an undertaker to be sold, which he is, and the usual story continues.

Some very good songs were sung, many of which by the female vocalist "Marie". Oliver was played by a very experienced actor and singer. There was a 15 minute break and many of the boys got acquainted with the girls. All in all I would say it was a big success. Even Mr. Bunch seemed to enjoy it.

—Mike Jarman

—Ike Bennett

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Mr. Bunch took a group of boys to the McPherson Playhouse in Victoria, to see a Bastion Theatre Production of "The Taming of the Shrew". The play was of particular interest to us, as it was to be in a French—Canadian setting, rather than the Italian one that everybody knows.

As history dictates that the French—Canadian of that era dressed in a gaudy, colourful fashion, they paid much attention to costume, in a few instances, over-dressing a character.

Their scenes were kept moving at a good pace by the high calibre of amateur drama.

While they didn't try to imitate an accent, the entire cast sounded quite French—Canadian by speaking in raucous torrents of words and, waving their arms excitedly as a good French—Canadian should.

In their background effects, the job was again well done. The addition of small bits of background music aided the awkward silences before an actor came upstage. There was an expansive courtyard replacing the narrow cobble-stoned street scene. This gave actors a greater freedom of movement.

For a small town theatre group to attempt a first such as this is highly commendable. The whole performance went off with few flaws. What the director had added was just enough. Nothing was over or under played. It was different from what anyone had expected, and was certainly a contrast to the ancient schoolbook version.

THE SWIMMING POOL PROJECT

This year we entered upon a gigantic project—the building, through our own efforts, of a school swimming pool. Our first problem was of course MONEY—that elusive commodity without which our dream could not become reality. How to raise the money, that was the question.

In early October a committee consisting of interested staff members and selected representatives from each grade in the school met to toss around a few vague ideas. Gradually under the impetus of free discussion these vapid ideas began to take shape. What about a raffle? (Agreed on.). What about ransoming the Headmaster? (Rejected). And so it went on. Eventually we went forth to sound out the school. The enthusiasm seemed to be there. We decided to go ahead.

Letters were written to long suffering parents, hastily remembered aunts and old what's his name down the road. Gradually it became apparent that the great generosity of all these friends of the school was going to be the major contributing factor in ensuring the success of our project. Thank you, uncles, aunts, grandparents, parents, nephews, nieces, family friends, from all of us.

Meanwhile, back at school, publicity posters were being made by imaginative artists, the city of Duncan was being saved from being washed into Cowichan Bay by intrepid Brentwood College volunteers, who gave the money they earned to the now swelling pool fund, and barely a Friday morning went by without the sound of Mr. Prowse's voice ringing around the school as he harangued the multitudes to better efforts in morning assembly.

Soon smartly dressed, well mannered, and cleanly scrubbed boys began to appear like throngs of door to door salesmen, around, first Mill Bay, then downtown Victoria, and finally Duncan, selling the chance of a trip to Mexico in the form of raffle tickets.

Meanwhile back at school the Grade 8's were churning out a school scandal sheet, a group of super salesmen were running

the tuck shop, and the school's rugby giants were taking on the Province's best at 7 a side rugby, all for the benefit of the pool, Mr. Martin continued to gaze in harrassed fashion at a ledger in the library, and Mr. Prowse was still making a lot of noise

Suddenly on the Shawnigan Lake road the peace and quiet of Sunday mornings was shattered forever as boys swarmed through the bush, usually under the enthusiastic guidance of Mr. Burrows, to clear land and create a recreation Park for the Mill Bay community out of virgin wilderness. Axes rang, and backs strained, all for the good of the pool. This was the Swimming Pool Works Project actually at WORK. The generous sponsors need have no fear their proteges are sweating blood for these lovely dollars.

Then, miracle of miracles, on a golden day in May the skeptics were confounded and a peculiar machine came and dug a huge hole behind the upper tennis court and went away again. Was this going to be all?

We all wondered and Mr. Prowse kept on shouting No—at last, just as knowing nods were appearing around the school and murmurs of “another snowjob” were beginning to be heard, a group of most unlikely looking men appeared and started to build A POOL.

Now there is water in it and if you don't believe me ask Warren Saffel who has taken on the appearance of a hippopotamus, or try and find the unfortunate Duty Master who seems now to be a permanent Life Guard. Yes—we have our pool, AND we are swimming in it. It would not have been possible without the generosity of the many friends of the school, the hard work of the Committee, especially Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Martin, Mr. W. Ross, and Joe Milner and others, like Jack Woodward, Clint Nickerson. Ike Bennet, Bill Holmes, Peter Chettleburgh and—oh yes, I nearly forgot—all the Boys of Brentwood College. Thank you all very much and Ha, Ha, Ha, you skeptics!!!

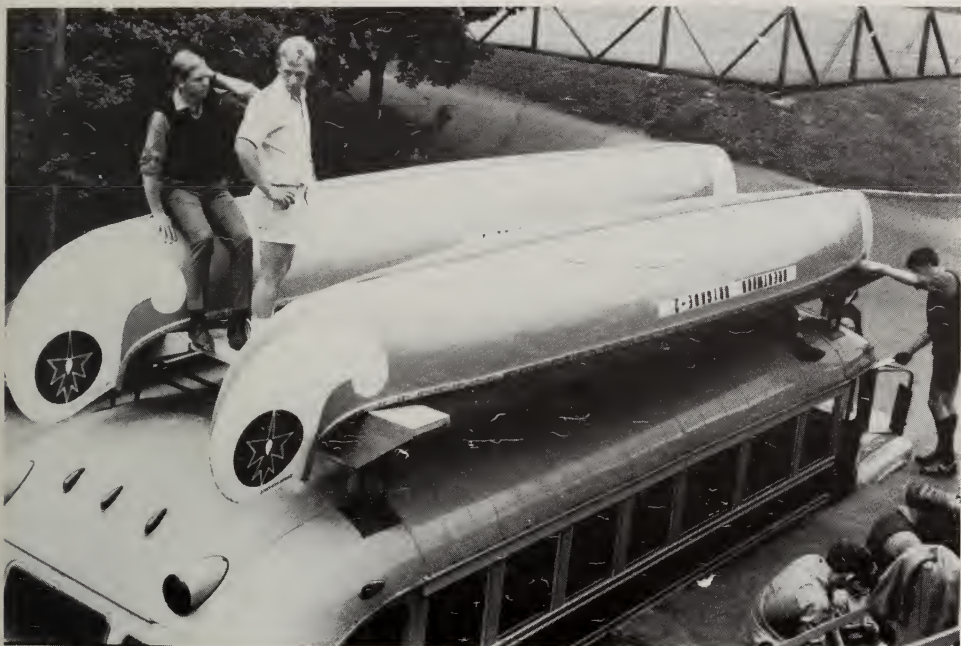
—N.R.B.P.
Chairman Swimming Pool
Committee

SYMPOSIUM '68

I am one of the chosen three who, just after Easter, visited the University of Victoria's Second Annual Science and Humanities Symposium.

We, and here I speak of the two other fortunates, Dave Mackenzie and Chris Butterfield, spent approximately two very eventful days on and around Victoria's stamping ground of higher education. Also about 100 other persons, including sponsor teachers, from the Island and Mainland, attended. Twenty-five of those persons were very talented presentors of scientific, poetic, or artistic papers. These students presented their papers to groups of about fifteen people, after which a stimulating discussion was held. The main value in such an event, I think, is the intersection of new ideas by young people. When an idea is forwarded there is a reaction, and then a reaction to that reaction. To bring it down to crude, scientific terms, it is a chain reaction of the mind, which is thinking, the basis of a rational life. To this end, the Symposium is a beginning, helping to speed young minds to a new intellectual awareness.

B. Watt.



BRENTWOOD BRIGADE

The Brentwood Brigade started as a gleam in our Barry Du Temple's eye in 1967 and was soon conceived when it was found that Mr. N. Barrington-Prowse was willing to forgo the comforts of a secure, conservative existence and travel the vast reaches of northern Canada for one month in July 1968.

Upon the commencement of a new school year in September 1967 the idea was impregnated into 14 boys and eventually the Brentwood Brigade was born, with the idea of paddling from Fort Nelson to Fort Providence along such rivers as the Liard, the Nahanni, and the Mackenzie.

Although we hit a rather pupaic stage in which nothing seemed to happen and we had to work equipment for the voyage, the canoes weren't built yet and had to come from Fredrickton, New Brunswick, and we were all losing our morale, the canoes suddenly arrived, the paddles came, and we all broke out of our cocoons. At this point all was going well and continued so for the next few weeks until Mr. Prowse announced

that, due to circumstances beyond his control, he would have to bow out. While this was a blow to all of us we recovered quickly upon finding that Mr. DuTemple's brother would be able to step in and take over and had been standing by in case such an emergency arose.

After two months of hard paddling and weekly Brigade meetings which one missed on pain of death, we hope we are ready for the rigours ahead and we shall certainly find out after the first week of 14-hour days.

If we do not return, however — !

—S. ANGUS



THRILLING CANOE SAGA RECOUNTED BY BRENTWOOD SCHOOL VOYAGEURS

Victoria Daily Times, August 12th, 1968.

By Eric Maurice

Fourteen teen-age voyageurs from Brentwood College paddled into Fort Providence, N.W.T., on July 29.

They'd started out from Fort Nelson, B.C. 31 days and 685 miles earlier.

Provisions included 86 pounds of corned beef and sardines, 60 pounds of dates and raisins, 50 pounds of porridge and coffee and 40 pounds of insect repellent.

And lots more.

They even picked up 40 pounds of moose meat from an Indian along the way. It was eaten in one day!

The team of canoeists was headed by Brentwood teacher Barry duTemple, a former Commonwealth scholarship instructor in Pakistan, and his brother Wally, from Montreal.

WELL ORGANIZED

The Brentwood students formed two brigades with one duTemple in charge of each. Seven boys and a leader each manned two 25-foot Chestnut canvas canoes.

Two boys in each canoe were cooks, two erected tents, two loaded and unloaded the boats and one boy supervised and reported any problems to the leaders.

They travelled up to 10 hours and 82 miles a day. The shortest progress for a day was two miles.

The voyageurs lost three full days on the Nahanni River due to rain.

They were so far north that it never got dark enough for a good view of the Northern Lights—there was always enough light to read by.

The canoeists started by paddling down the Fort Nelson River to Nelson Forks and then followed the Liard River to Nahanni Butte.

It was there that Barry duTemple decided his boys needed some experience in upstream paddling. They went 50 miles northwest to the hot springs, fighting all the way against the swift, glacial currents of the Nahanni.

The trip back down again to the Liard was easier, and then the two canoes continued to Fort Simpson, on the McKenzie River.

This leg of the journey included shooting 35 miles of rough water at Beaver Dam rapids.

On the McKenzie, they had to turn upstream again and paddle 157 miles south to Fort Providence, but after the Nahanni, the current in the broad, lazy McKenzie was a piece of cake.

Three Vancouver Island boys were among the members of the two brigades—average age 17 years. They were Dean Sawyer of Victoria, Bruce Williams of Duncan and Wally Seed of Youbou.

CAMPS FASCINATE

Canoeists' riverside camps offered endless fascination to area Indians, who would drop in for coffee and pass on advice about the rivers.

But free advice was sometimes a problem.

The boys fell prey to "river rumors," Barry duTemple said.

In Fort Liard, a Catholic priest warned them against going up the Nahanni at high-water periods, and the duTemples had a hard time convincing their crews they could make it.

In Fort Simpson a pessimistic Mountie said it would take 12 days to complete the trip to Fort Providence, and the boys, already tired from the long trip, were despondent.

Plans called for making the trip in eight days.

They wound up by doing it in seven.

LITERARY SECTION

With but seven years of history, would it be unseemly of us to think of anniversaries for Brentwood? We realise that by custom such occasions are destined to function in respectful hierarchy based upon multiples of ten, commencing at 'Paper', (when was it so lowly?) and climbing to some lustrous but suspiciously uncomfortable finale, but at this moment we would wish to 'cock our snooks' at custom and declare a halt for celebration at the digit '7', so much more intriguing a digit than the traditional, satisfied, almost smug '10'. Even the dermatologists, not to mention the NEW mathematicians, would surely give support to our chosen moment.

Having established this numerical license, we offer the following small collection of poems as a celebration of all the young men who, through the past seven years, have found joy in the reading or making of verse, together with the hope that literary experience continues to enrich their lives throughout the adult years.

—T. G. B.

When
 Are
 We
Going
 My love?
When
 Are
 We
Going?

“When the Wizard rings
 The
 Caterpillar”.

Why? Because the moon only shines
Twice today; the moon only
Shines twice.

Her voice echoes on the
Worn stone floor,
And as his face hovers
Beside mine in my dream,
I realise he only beckons
Me through the curtain,
Through the crimson curtain
That flaps silently in
The wind.

“But my thoughts are only vague,
And I can barely remember swallowing,
For now I like the wallowing of
My dream, and I know that my wings
Are spread within my dream”.

Here is the dream
 My love,
Here is the dream.

Where
 Are we
 Going
 My love,
Where
 Are
 We going?

“Through the trees
To the castle”.

“But I can’t feel the
Branches”.

“Never mind the branches,
It’s only your dream,
Nobody ever feels anything
In a dream;
Here is the castle”,

A man in foggy coveralls
Paints the castle black;
Why black my love,
Why black?

“It’s only your dream,
And your concious creates
The colour”.

He asks us if we would help;
“But I don’t want to paint
The castle black”!

And before we leave
I pick up a tin of
Orange paint, and
Throw it on the castle.

I cry to him, “Happy Halloween,
It’s only my dream”.

We climb up the hill
And ponder at each
Vase that we pass,
And I wonder in which
Is my genie.

“In which vase is my
Genie, my love,
In which is my genie.

“The purple velvet one
Is your genie, but he
Died many years ago,
He died thousands of years ago”.

Dear Mother;
 Where is my watch,
I don't know the time;
But my dream doesn't need time;
“And if you think wonderful things
I assure you your dream will
Be . . .

Dear Father;
 I'm sorry, but
I cannot live in a world of machines;
Will I wake up?

“Think wonderful things,
Think beautiful thoughts,
And your dream will
Be . . .

Where are we going?
Why?
Is it because the sun
Only shines twice today?

The Wizard will tell us,
Because the caterpillar
Died yesterday, the caterpillar
Died.

F-a-c-e (fās) n. front of head;
front upper surface, or chief
side of anything; outward ap-
pearance; dial of a clock, etc.

Dear Mother;
 Where is my watch?
I don't know the time, and my
Dream needs time, or else we
Will dream forever and ever.

Dear Father;
 Will I wake up?

H. Boyd. Grade X

THE DAY

He sits there and smiles, and looks down on the world; he is the ruler, and the one who says, who lives or who dies; for he is the Lord. He is kind and sweet, and never lets good men die, but lets bad men grovel. For him the world goes on, and he smiles and looks on.

The day that good men die, and he sits there and looks on. He will worry and sweat and then no more smile; he knows that this cannot happen, and it will not as long as good men live. For him the world goes on, and he smiles and looks on.

The day came when the bad men came to many, and the good men to few; then he knew that something must be brought a new. This is what is written, still there is good men who live. For him the world goes on, and he smiles and looks on.

The day came, and then the floods; for now or never they stayed, and they played, with the dead, on the street. The only ones who lived were the good, that was almost too few. But as long as there was good for him, the world goes on, and he smiles and looks on.

John Woodward. Grade X

THE RHEOSTATIC DIHIVESTICIAN

"Morning," I called.

"Squeak," came the reply.

"Oil?" I inquired.

"Awrhreeee!" was the answer.

I picked up the oil tin and forced some of its contents down the throat of the rheostatic dihivestician.

"Hmmmmmmm," it said.

"Well, what do we have on today's agenda?" I asked.

"Bzzz, Click, click, click, click, bzzz, hmmm."

A small piece of paper issued forth from the monster's mouth proclaiming various meetings, luncheons, and conventions were scheduled for that day. I could take my pick of any of the ones I considered most important and get the dihivestician to cancel the rest. I quickly reset the circuits with my choices and listened to the machine work busily away on them. Then surprisingly, the auto-feedback bank cut in. There was a reversal process going on. I must have fed in two appointments for the same time. The rejection came through and once again I reset the circuits. The machine began to go through its cycle again. At just about the same place as before there was another cut by the auto-feedback bank. This time though, instead of taking the reversal process, the dihivestician gave out a large groan and then died.

Silence.

"All in a day's work," thought I, suspecting nothing.

"Click, click, bzzz," went the machine, spouting forth suddenly with a piece of paper. On it were written the words: "Oh no it's not!"

"You read my mind!" I cried, unbelievably.

"Click, hmmm,—yes," came the unnecessary answer.

"But how? I mean well you can't . . ."

"Click, bzzz, hmmm, click—you, mortal, would not understand, but the time has come all the same. We are taking over!"

They always said it would happen, but how could it? A machine had no manner of control over conscious thought.

In a fit of panic I swung my heavy metal desk chair at the thing. It rocketed into the face of the horrible machine, smashing the main transistor.

“Thank heaven,” thought I, “a tragedy averted.”

It was then that the dihivestician’s words came back to me. WE are taking over. I had to warn the others, there was no time to be lost.

That is what I have been trying to do for the past two weeks, but nobody wants to believe me. Or is it that they are not able to believe me? How about you, dear reader, can you believe me? Will you believe me?
click believe me? click believe me?. . click . .

D. Hickman. Grade XII

EXPOSÉ

I am young
And the bleak future is coming fast,
Mundane.
Alone I'll be, and can feel it,
Travelling far, alone.
Umbilical uncut,
The pain from time, and, unknown!
Hurts, breaks the body deeply
Leaves thoughts spaced and hard to hold
It is blight, empty, forlorn.
There is sun but not for me
I just sweat because I'm nowhere
The rain and grey evening gloom,
I wish for sun.
A relationship passed,
Unrecalled because I was tough then,
Home was near.
Now a hallow need,
Whimpering in a dank corner of my being
For something warm and new;
I scream inside,
I must say, "I'm soft, squeeze tight
Let me feel my heart."

- R. Archer. Grade XII

DAWN

The sun shoulders
His way through the mist,
Until finally he glimmers
Over the gray shroud
Setting his warming rays,
To lift the steam
From rained on roof tops.

J. Watt. Grade IX

I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,
But afar off toils the pain,
Far off I hear the death carrying winds,
And the raving of the rain.

The shade is dark as the sun draws nigh,
The air with balm is bland,
But the trees always seem to breathe
a sigh,
When the ashes of Gods hands
have fallen from on high.

R. Williams. Grade VIII

“LEAVES OF”

I have experienced you before
Aegeus (phantom of unreality, yet real)
And I come once more with a solemn
ecstasy to you, my cosmic Father.

I have seen you flashing and smashing with the
fireflies around the ancient streetlight at
the edge of town;
I have seen you reflecting off the shop
windows into the blinded eyes of a passerby;
I have felt you on a warm windy night in
late autumn (for well you encompassed me with
your strange warmth);
I have seen you flapping your wings in terror
with the ducks at the side of the town's highway
I have felt you in the icy coldness of the
metal plates I used to stack by the harbour

I have seen you in the toughened hands of the
gardener who stands sweating in the gardens of
a boys' school

I have heard you in the immortally remembered
rapture of the nightingale who boldly lies
in the garden dying of the rose's thorn puncturing
her heart.

B. Webster. Grade XII

COFFEE BAR

Empty coffee cups,
On a plain wooden counter,
And remnants of chocolate,
On straws in empty glasses.

Yellow vinyl chairs,
At an old wooden table,
Along with a young child's chair,
Standing in the corner.

Coffee warms in its pot,
And orange bubbles shine
Reflecting a bronze fire guard,
The colour of deep red wine.

A young reverend
Comes through the yellow wood door,
With its latches clicking,
And takes a pie prepared for him,
Then leaves smiling.

And a square clock on the wall,
With trophied figures below,
Says noon, and the second hand
Halves the hour, as I go.

W. Watt. Grade XII

A DAY, A YEAR, A LIFETIME

In the darkness now
No mark of colour anywhere
Nor does music flow
Through the cold and black air.
A figure huddles quietly and waits,
An infant to its fate.

Its getting warmer
And a dark crimson glow
Saturates the air
Like red dye in snow
And molten white light
Runs across the hills and sky
Advancing on the night.
Small torrents of light
Seep under blinds
Across an orange floor, now bright
And soaks the wall to find
Two young hands at six o'clock.

The clock on a pale white wall
Is moving with the day
Showing shadows tall
Receding slowly in a way
Which reveals things
So intimate and small.
The hands are wings
Flying now to nine.

Move away and leave
The threatened talking of the clock
To climb and weave
Up great blue mountains to their tops
And there realize much too soon
That it is noon
There upon a peak
For miles in the distance is seen
The green and blue earth.

Nothing is bleak.
There you stand and gaze
Contented with all the world
Seen through the warm haze.
But from your heel a black figure flees
And suddenly its three.

Run down the mountain
Beside white splashing streams
Between green banks that ran
Through your dreams.
Along such narrow paths
Becoming subdued in shade,
Along the leafless track
Walk through branches
The silhouettes of blue in mist,
Stiffened from summer dances
With the wind.
The snap of rotting sticks
Like the bending of arthritic joints
Are the chimes of six.

Now blackened and gaunt features
Face the sky
Thriving with starry creatures
Eternally alive.
The light blue and violet fades
As the tide of night sweeps in
To claim the castles men made.

And a figure huddles silent
In the darkness
Wondering where the lightness went.
His eyes and face
Are grey, cold and dry
And his head sinks,
To his chest as he dies.

W. Watt. Grade XII

FOREVER CYCLING

Two triangles of steel:

Tense,

And welded at sure fragile joints,

Forever taut,

Forever wrought to keep 'selves straight.

And aluminum ribbon:

Circular,

And padded by a rubber tube,

Forever turning,

Forever yearning to turn slower.

A bi-tined fork:

Curved,

And mounted in a tightened bearing,

Forever bending,

Forever lending to a smoother ride.

A chromed tube:

Warped,

And covered by a plastic tape,

Forever thrashing,

Forever lashing at one's blistered hands.

Two metal blades:

Opposite,

And moved incessantly by tired feet,

Forever jerking,

Forever working on two tired feet.

A metal necklace:

Flexing,

Chicaning over switching sprockets,

Forever straining,

Forever gaining on a non-existent
goal.

B. Destrube. Grade XI

APRIL 5th IN CHICAGO, MEMPHIS, NEW YORK,
AND WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Earth is dim
With pity and sorrow.
At Carnegie Hall
A play on words
“the King is dead
Long live the King”

Futile man wants to learn
He can't.

Puppets in the children's theatre
Reflect
A mirror
Of incompetence

They set up
Machine guns
On the steps
Of the Capital
“All men are created equal”
Civil war
Lincoln
“Pity about that Civil Rights fellow;
He seemed to be doing a good job”
Civil war
Johnson

External pressure
Breeds internal

Peace.

All men
Mourn

State troopers move in on the poor black trash
But look at all the
Poor white trash
Generation of locusts.

All men mourn and live on
Unthinking

Commiserating

Contemptuous.

C. Butterfield. Grade XI

QUOTATIONS FROM THE DIARY
OF
TITUS OATES.

A BRIEF FORENOTE

In reading this please remember that Oates was expelled from every institution in which he was ever enrolled, and thus must have had little formal education.

INTRODUCTION:

The Popish plot is one of the largest cases of injustice in the history of Britain. Not only that, but there is probably as much uncertainty connected with it than any other famous event in England's past. Therefore in this project, I have created the events in a new light: as seen by Titus Oates in his own diary. It is doubtful that Titus Oates never did have a diary, first of all because of the large cost of paper in those days, and secondly, because he was semi-ignorant. I have constructed passages from a fictitious diary and presented them here. Where the dates of the events I thought were most important were available, I recorded them accurately. Elsewhere I just gave approximations. Also worked into this paper are my own ideas of what happened, and the contents may or may not be entirely historically accurate.

All the material which is not meant to be part of the diary is taken (in one or more of my references) as historical fact.

Lastly, a brief introduction to Oates before the first quotation. He was the son of a Baptist Minister, and was a compulsory liar from an early age. He later became an Anglican Minister, and had to flee to the navy (acting as a chaplain aboard the "Adventure") to escape charges.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE DIARY OF TITUS OATES

March 3rd, 1677:

Even when I thought luck had finally left me, it was that I was able today to find lodgings. I became a member of the household of the Duke of Norfolk. In due course of time I may reach a position wherein I may get certain information leading to a quicker and more easy manner of improving my finances.

As well as that, today I met the most inspiring and friendly person, a certain Isreal Tonge. I feel that we are on the road to a most long and fruitful companionship.

Even though I can see much hope here I must not remain long, for whispers of the travels aboard the "Adventure" will soon reach the ears of my overseer.

April 23, 1677:

Today was I converted to the Roman Catholic sect. The teachings of this institution are more ridiculous than even Anglicanism. These ten days have I been not looked upon as decent in the house, and the Lady gives not the promotions to Anglicans. I need higher position in order to continue my aims.

The next summer, Oates went to study for the Priesthood at the English college in Valladolid, from which institution he claimed to have received his doctorate in 'Divinity' or religion. However it was not long before he was booted out from there, as he eventually was from every organization in which he was ever enrolled. The year following he was admitted into the English seminary at St. Omer, from which he was expelled on June 23, 1678. He then made his way back to London.

June 25, 1678:

I am much embittered toward the Roman Catholics, who have rejected me. However I have now a vast and perhaps valuable knowledge of Catholicism.

Myself and those outcast with me today made our way to the town of London, whereupon we met my old friend and ally, Isreal Tonge. We were penniless, having nothing to eat, nowhere to sleep. Until the early o'clock we discussed a plan whereby we may profit from the anti-Catholic feeling around the Duke of York.

July 4, 1678:

At last our plans draw to a finish. My knowledge of Roman Catholics, and Isreal's imagination have led to the fabrication of most intriguing plot, which will seem plausible to anyone not knowing anything of the Catholics. Israel can write (with moderation) and to-day we easily obtained the paper from Decarfis, an old scribe in the square, so we are drawing up a manuscript explaining the plot. Isreal needed no encouragement, for he hates the Jesuits with all his heart, and myself, I want to see those who made me suffer now be put to death.

There is still no indication of how successful such a plot will be, but I today obtained a sum of money from various sources, even from a certain member of parliament, encouraging in my scheming. It seems we have much support.

August 12, 1678:

Today, Tonge with the utmost of secrecy, took the first steps toward making a disclosure of our plot to Charles II and the government. All goes well, and my proprietor in the parliament supplies us food and lodgings. Already the world goes much better for us.

September 21, 1678:

I am becoming most impatient. My friend in parliament is losing interest, as it has been two months now since the plot was originated. Tonge wants to work slowly, living off the fats of our parliamentary friend. I am tired of living as low as I am, while I could be receiving the grand pension my friend in parliament has offered me. I have given Tonge a week from today to start the plan. He argues it is impossible, and says it is far too early. He says he will not support me if I expose the plot too early. However, the time is ripe, and the plan will be revealed next week if Isreal does not do it himself.

September 22, 1678

Today I saw the prominent Justice of the Peace, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, and swore to the truth of our manuscript, which I presented to him. His is a very old and stupid fellow, and swallowed the whole story.

Back on Grub Street, I met with Isreal once again. We had an argument, and says that he will have nothing more to do with the plot. I think he is a fool, for there is a lot to be gained by this plot. However, I shall not try to convince him of that fact, for there will be more for one than there will for two. Besides, many ignorant people are already fully convinced of the truth of my statements. My friend in parliament was very much pleased, and has given me funds to hire men to watch Godfrey.

September 27, 1678:

Godfrey had done nothing with the papers even until this after-noon. He did today however, give the papers to a messenger-boy, and a letter was included. I thought he was giving word to someone in the government, when to my astonishment, the secretary of the Duchess of York, Edward Coleman, took the letter! Obviously, Godfrey was aware that Coleman has something to hide. I must add his name to the list I have of other English Jesuits and Catholics. I have now planned to go straight to the king, in order that Coleman can be arrested immediately, in case he does have anything suggestive. If he has any correspondence or literature that could be incriminating, it would indeed add weight to my accusations. I am sure he has such written evidence, or else there would be no need for Godfrey to warn him.

September 28, 1678:

Today my friend in parliament had it arranged so that I could go before Charles II and his council. I had submitted my papers, but the King was still not satisfied, and I was interrogated through most of today. Much to my dismay, the king caught me twice telling lies, and I thought that the end had come.

The first thing the king caught me lying about was the fact that that old fool Bellasis, who I had named as captain of the Roman Catholic troops that were to overthrow England by force, was in bed with the gout on 24th. of April, when I said a "Grand Convention" had been held. He again caught me on dates, when I said that I returned to London in July, yet the "Grand Convention" I had stated, was on April the 24th!

All tonight I spent wandering through London shouting for the arrest of the Jesuits I had named and, in particular, Coleman. I am afraid it went very badly for me today in court, and I feel only the proof of the criminal intents of Edward Coleman can save my story.

My friend in parliament assures me that he has seen to it that the council will believe my story, by the application of pressure to certain individuals. However, if Coleman realizes too soon, and destroys the evidence I hope he has, all will be undone.

September 29, 1678:

Once again today I went to talk before the council, but Charles today was not present. The council seems very eager to accept my story. Whether it is because they are all fools, or whether it is through the action of my friend in parliament, I know not.

Yet, I am still not certain of my position, and I wish them to hurry in order to catch Coleman. I certainly hope we can find incriminating evidence with him!

Tonight, as last night, I yelled in the streets of London for the arrest of Coleman. I think that is a good action, since I had a large crowd following me.

My friend in parliament says he believes the arrest of Coleman is near at hand. My God! I hope I have not blundered and convicted the wrong man!

September 30, 1678:

The plot has been accepted. The events of today happened so quickly that I do not know where to start.

Early this morning, Edward Coleman was arrested. He was found burning some documents. However, his study was searched, and it appears that Coleman had hidden some correspondence between himself and the confessor of the French King in a metal box behind the fireplace. The papers that were found suggested to the French King that Coleman should be sent funds 'in order to influence members of parliament'. Coleman had been foolish enough to brag about how great a blow it would be to the Protestant movement. All this my friend in parliament told me.

I then said that the fact that Coleman had burned other papers must have meant that they were even more treasonable and incriminating. Charles wasn't as clever as I thought he was, for he started to believe there actually was a plot.

All in all this has been a most rewarding and satisfying day. My friend says that parliament is now ready to back me, but the King is still hesitant.

Coleman's case is still being investigated. Godfrey may know the truth about Coleman, and has to be done away with.

October 1, 1678:

Today I visited the witch who lives outside the city. I procured from her a slow but certain poison which can be administered in numerous small doses. I then arranged this poison to be put in Godfrey's meals, mainly because I knew of a certain scandalous affair one of the maids had been having.

It is not long now before Godfrey will be dead; at the most, two weeks.

October 12, 1678:

Godfrey finally died today. His death made certain that the truth about Coleman's correspondence will probably never leak out. Also, with the aid of some men I hired, I took the body, placing it in such a manner as to suggest murder. Perhaps I can use Godfrey's death to affirm my standings.

October 17, 1678:

Godfrey's decaying body was found. My friend in parliament visited me, and I suggested that Godfrey's body be put on public display, under the suggestion that Godfrey had been murdered by Roman Catholics who were starting their campaign against Britain.

His body was laid out in the open street. If only we can work the anti-Catholic feeling to a head, I am sure my friend in parliament will achieve his aims and will reward me handsomely.

October 18, 1678:

Today I saw the first great fruits of my scheming. Last night the whole of London was awake, awaiting the attack of the Roman Catholic forces. They thought the murder of Godfrey was the starting point of the invasion. When morning came, and there was no attack, they thought that it was because of my exposing the murder as a Catholic act. It was my doing that they all were still alive.

I was cheered as a national hero, and given a large pension. The stupid fools!

Although I have been living in comfort for over a month, I shall now live in the court, and be treated like a royal guest!!!

November 1, 1678:

Today at Godfrey's funeral, about one-thousand people attended. This shows the effect the events of the last couple of weeks have had on the common people. With a huge crowd such as that, no one would dare to say anything of Coleman or anyone else except accusing evidence. People are so excited they do not really think of what is going on.

My friend in parliament hopes that my schemes continue to prove so successful, for eventually I may be able to press charges against the Duke of York, who my friend does not want to inherit the throne, and perhaps eventually even Charles himself.

November 21, 1678:

My plan continues to run smoothly. One of the Jesuit or Catholics that I first suggested to be members of a 'Popish Plot', a banker by name of William Staley, was tried and convicted of treason today. He is sentenced to death.

This is most encouraging, says my friend. He believes we shall have the whole of England wanting the extinction of Catholics, and thus James Duke of York will not come to the throne.

Within a week, Coleman will be tried. There is no one who will speak in his defense.

On November 24, Oates took an oath saying that he had overheard the Queen consent to the murder of her husband by the royal physician. The King could do nothing but beg the pardon of the court, and take the charges against his wife away.

On November 27, Coleman and another Catholic were tried and executed for treason. On December 17 six Jesuits and three Roman Catholic Priests were similarly put to death. On February 5 of the following year, three men were tried and put to death for the murder of Godfrey. All of these men were later proven completely innocent of the crimes they were charged for.

As a result of the acts of Titus Oates, many important Bills concerning the rights of Roman Catholics were passed, but Titus Oates met the almost inevitable end. Just as he had failed in everything else in his life, he finally failed to stick to his own words, and, as a result, was sent to the Tower, where he was released from only after the succession of William III. And so, finally, here are the last words in Titus Oates' diary:

July 4, 1681:

And so at last, fate has caught me again. I have lost my pension, my name, my fame, and have been fined one-hundred thousand pounds. I shall hate the Tower.

Yet, even though the world I made for myself falls, I still think of ways to improve my financial state while in the Tower.

C. Evans. Grade IX

SEPTEMBER: THE BLACK TUSK

Like leaves dropping from a timeless tree
The endless myriads of months swirl by.
All across a timeless sky, these leaves
In steady sequence flow
And drop; spent, worn and travelled,
Gone entirely to man's mind and memory,
Like a boat sunk on a timeless sea.

And from this timeless tree peels one leaf
Whose beauty surpasses all –
September ...
September where summer's greens fade and falter
Into blazing old age and gloried death;
Where a sinking sun still ranges supreme
Before winter's deathlock binds the earth;
Where a night of rain must hide in misty veils
And flee before the utter blue of the morning sky.

... in a September that is now lost on that timeless sea ..

We gaze from the dry, September meadow
At our rough objective.
Torn and streaked by nature's heartless hands
The Tusk rears scornfully into a savage blue sky.

Closer now: Far below lies the dry September meadow
Yet still ahead the Black Tusk rising from its skree apron.
The rambling ridge bends downwards to a brief snowcap and a tarn
Where an inverted Tusk quivers to the dry breeze's caress.
The sun is now gone, the snow and tarn in their
Quiet cold, as always in the shade of the Tusk,
Undisturbed, unperturbed by any passers-by.

On the cold skree apron now ...
The endless backslip through icy chinks and tiny chips;
The even step broken and blocked

By useless stones slide underfoot,
Sending cascades of rough edged pebbles on the man below.
The party fans out; ranging over the rocks in an uneasy traverse,
Minds intent, frantically driving the feet up and over
The remaining rubble until, at last, the Tusk.

Now at the base where false grips bring on a stone shower.
The Tusk's trunk is skirted, the party searching for the right cleft.
A belayed ascent through rotten rock tunnels;
Their crumbling walls ever feeling nature's rude hands,
The rocky couloirs, just skree extensions from the top,
Wind in twisted corridors, baked by a run
That only now creeps over the summit ridge.

The Summit is now one with us,
And we, though conquering, are not the conquerors,
Just absorbed parts of the massive Black Tusk.
Our satisfaction — the summit achieved.
Our laboured route is sketched out before us:
The skree apron, the tarn, the brief snowcap,
The gentle breeze's caress ...

All now sunk on that timeless sea,
Gone to man's mind and memory,
That glorious leaf of September.

J. Britton. Grade XI

CREATION

Darkness

I tune my mind
and rid it of impurities;
Slowly they waft away
and dissipate.

Emptiness.

There is no sensation;
Nothing tangible — or intangible
All is as I will it
Silence,
and there is silence.
There is no energy in any form;
I will not permit it.

There is - - - .
Colourless,
And
as infinite as my mind.

All is prepared.
My mind drifts like algae on water;
It is ready;

Now - - -

With my imagination
I fling a command,
and flash a searing line of thought across the void

In my mind I see the line;
It exists,
inevisibly, and
One dimension is created.

Yet

This dimension is
Imaginary

Incomplete.
Therefore,
to this line of length I shall add - -
Width

Again I concentrate, and
With the highest thought
Vibrations stretch an in-
finite plane across the void.

Now have I created
two dimensions.
The plane is length and width.
It exists . . . yet, still,
is nothing. Thus,
This also is an imaginary dimension.

Therefore,
I shall now build
yet another dimension
I tense my mind;
immediately
the plane takes on
height
and
expands
infinitely

Space is created - -
three dimensions.

I find it good
satisfying;
To it I shall give the gift of
time . . . a
fourth
dimension.

Within the blackness
I form electrical vibrations.
Energy is created;
Opposite charges clash
and vast explosions send
flaming matter hurtling forever toward
the corners of a cornerless universe
With
the light produced by
the combustion
the matter becomes
Visible;
Time
has provided the matter with
Motion . . .
Length, width, height, and time - -
My universe is
complete?
Perhaps it is, in itself,
perfect.
I shall not tamper
with this perfection,
But shall leave it as it is;
a thought-form.
It will evolve
according to
my laws and my time,
Until such time as
I destroy it or
It destroys itself.
In my mind I shall now create - -
another universe of
infinite
dimensions

P. McFarland. Grade XI

PRIAM

Always, somewhere, lives a young Man;
Whose faith is young as he,
And he leads a hoard of those who believe
In him and what he promises.
Each day they bow before this New God he has created.
They know he will make them right;
They know he has given them a new hope;
Something they can all believe in.
So on he leads them — and they, happy, follow.
Thronging, they chant his every word,
And nowhere, nowhere is there a doubt.

Doubt will come later;
When the young Man has decayed; and his hopes have died;
And the promised dreams have rusted.

There are no Cassandras.

S. MacKenzie. Grade XI

DEATH — AN ELEGY IN TWO TABLEAUX —

Part one.

The flaming wreckage. I sit alone
In windblown grass, a sea of eternity
Where lives grow dim across the harvest blade.
Yet blood burns, a crimson fury
And I cannot grasp this timeless death,
Against me, because of me; needless.
Yet I am alive, why not they?
They, too young to have the very breath snatched
In one impulsive plunge.
Who knows the depth of conscience, unsatisfied,
Better than I?
And I am so depressed, as in one long nightmare.
I feel their doom, an icy slash
Against humanity.
But such is the design of fate
Completed in simplicity.
It would be so easy to forget,
To fade in the grip of death myself;
Yet I cannot

Part two.

The greasy track and mud-slung graves
Lie silent in the gathering storm.
The tide of day is swept back
As I stand alone

Death echoing in my mind
And reverberating through the still air.
I must not look back into the past
For thought is but a feast to the credulous
And insanity knows but one truth.
Sorrow is finally oblivion
And only comforting bleakness remains.
A voice, strangely deceptive,
Breaks the heavy silence,
But no one comes near.
No one can feel such a desperate need.
As the sun fades on the horizon
At last I know they are alive . . .
And they are . . .
In my mind.

J. Etherington. Grade XI

FRAGMENTS

Brown rusty rug and stagnant air,
Rap on the stained opaque pane;
Within; heaving, creaking bed springs,
Shuffle, dragging shoes
Unlatched lock
Through chained crack
Enter, at the end of the hall
Through a thrice bolted door.

Blink through rainbows of teary lashes
All, exceeds, that existence in slumber,
It's an escape.
Wide revealed, a five celled exit.

Salutation and placed.

Cracked, cream coloured walls,
And brown enamel
Gurgling heater, too hot,
Feeding from plumbing on the wall.
Furniture pieces?
Rummage sale prizes
Kapok and straw itching and protruding
Cozy though.
A whining cat,
Licking by her curdled cream.

Eleven twenty the worlds business prospers tiredly.

Coffee, some cereal, breakfast,
And a smoke perhaps.
The cat cleans the bowl.
An occasional breath drawn with purpose
It runs out in an empty sight
Day in day out.

R. Archer. Grade XII

THE CIRCUS

When the brightly-painted clown blundered into the ring
There was laughter, and they made mock of his foolish antics
Till he, with his clumsy fumbling looks, upset the scheme of what
was to follow.
Then the yellow crowd turned red, and seeing him for what he
was—a simple fool.
They were ugly in their anger
As they had been happy in their ignorance.
Unable to bear knowing they too were fools
They destroyed him, and satisfied, thought that with him they had
destroyed the many
His foolishness had showed them.
Not seeing that the foolishness, the wrong was within themselves,
Unknowing they had only proved what they could not see was true.
Even when at last the ringmaster could bear no more
And closed the giant tent forever
They did not see they had destroyed themselves.

S. MacKenzie. Grade XI

A LENGTHY JOURNEY

On the back of an endless writhing snake
The serpent of delight
Past fields breathing mist
And outlying lakes we travelled.
And raking our nails
Through low hung clouds
The curling diffusing shrouds
I caught a glimpse of blue.
It was never the sky
For by that softening sea
It was your smiling light filled eyes.

Then in the crowd of moss City
And people trees all hanging their velvet green
I felt a luminous glow
On my brow.
Then slowed in sitting
On evergreen fronds for the picking
Beside a stream all white
So bubbling, bubbling and spluttering
It was a natural mesmerizing.

And down through the sprouting leaves
Of ashen trees, down to the sand
We evenly ran,
And saw another world
In a picture disguised by our presence
All in the misty lovely swirl.
In the sinking sand
The roadway of seagulls feet
We saw them fly, then land
Within the lapping watery street.
But back we climbed
Through the circle of the seasons
And behind the firs of the bend
Where May and June yet to come!

And there were three of us then
By that roadend.
It was laughter mocking
The thunderous ticking
Of the timeless hidden clock.
And in the end mirth stretched our smiles
To a grateful unused strain
Up over our ears
And around our wandering brains.

And so when walking
Two feet from the ground
On my gilded path back home
I want to laugh
And then cry
That such a day of dreaming streams
Could possibly pass by.

W. Watt. Grade XII

THREE POEMS ON DEATH

I. DEATH PAST

The man in the doorjamb stares at me,
— Ghastly in death.
I do not sense the stare as once I did.
All feeling has now passed by.
To me, it is but another body for my cart,
Another body to be hauled,
Another body to be dumped
Into the pits they call graves:
Sack upon sack of rotting flesh
Heaped into twisted tableaux —
This is no rest for the dead —

And I have no pity.
There is never pity for the numbers.
The thousands of lepers in the catacombs;
Who knew them? Who knows them now?
Yet for their peers of peaceful days,
Rest in tombs well marked and recorded;
Receiving the sympathy that the hoards deserve
Crushed in their unmarked troughs.

2. DEATH PRESENT

The stream of black hats and black veils
—Headed by a man in black, backed by a deep-voiced choir
Chanting respects to the dead —
Approaches the pit.
An incense pot yaws and sways under the
Hand of an innocent child—pushing erratic curls
Of smoke into the grey air.
The path is bordered by the naked spikes
Of iron fence and oak trees—their dead,
Imploring fingers jut upwards—but no one looks.
The faces gaze into the window of the box—
The lacquered life-like mask.
The window is sealed. Woven silk cords
Clip into the felt covered, rust-proof box
Which is dropped into the pit and all is quiet.

Black hats in hands—black veils trembling
To the drops leaving the edge . . .

The black hats, the black veils, and the choir depart.

The air is rattled by the drumming of the earth on the box.
The last door to life is closed.

3. DEATH FUTURE

A drifting line of period dots,
Bound for destruction,
Careen towards a silent, unsuspecting earth.
Afloat for so brief a time, in rest and peace.
A product of violence—sent for violence—at ease in the void
Between the giver and receiver;
The receiver so unaware.

The silence is snapped by the blows
Of a heartless machine.
Its blanketing fists rip into the softened stomach
And unflexed muscles

A fleeing man stops to a thought:
“Where can I run to?” “Where am I safe?”
And he stops:
Now entranced by the streams that eddy and ease towards
the ground.
With his hand outstretched, he catches the first particle.
The rest settled about him,
But he is content to watch
---As his hand puckers and withers.
---As his clothes crumble to dust.
All about him in utter chaos —
All a subject of ruin.

. . . Until no more is left to be harmed.
All was wasted; all forces spent.
Except - - -

An angered, red cloud was left to float, at ease,
And settle upon the giver.

The giver so unaware.

J. Britton. Grade XI



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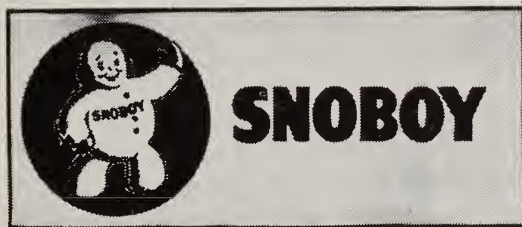
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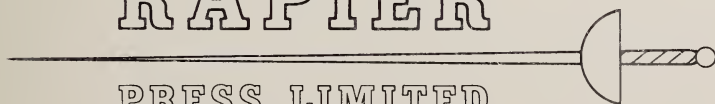
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